

No. 89

ANC

# BIG SHOT

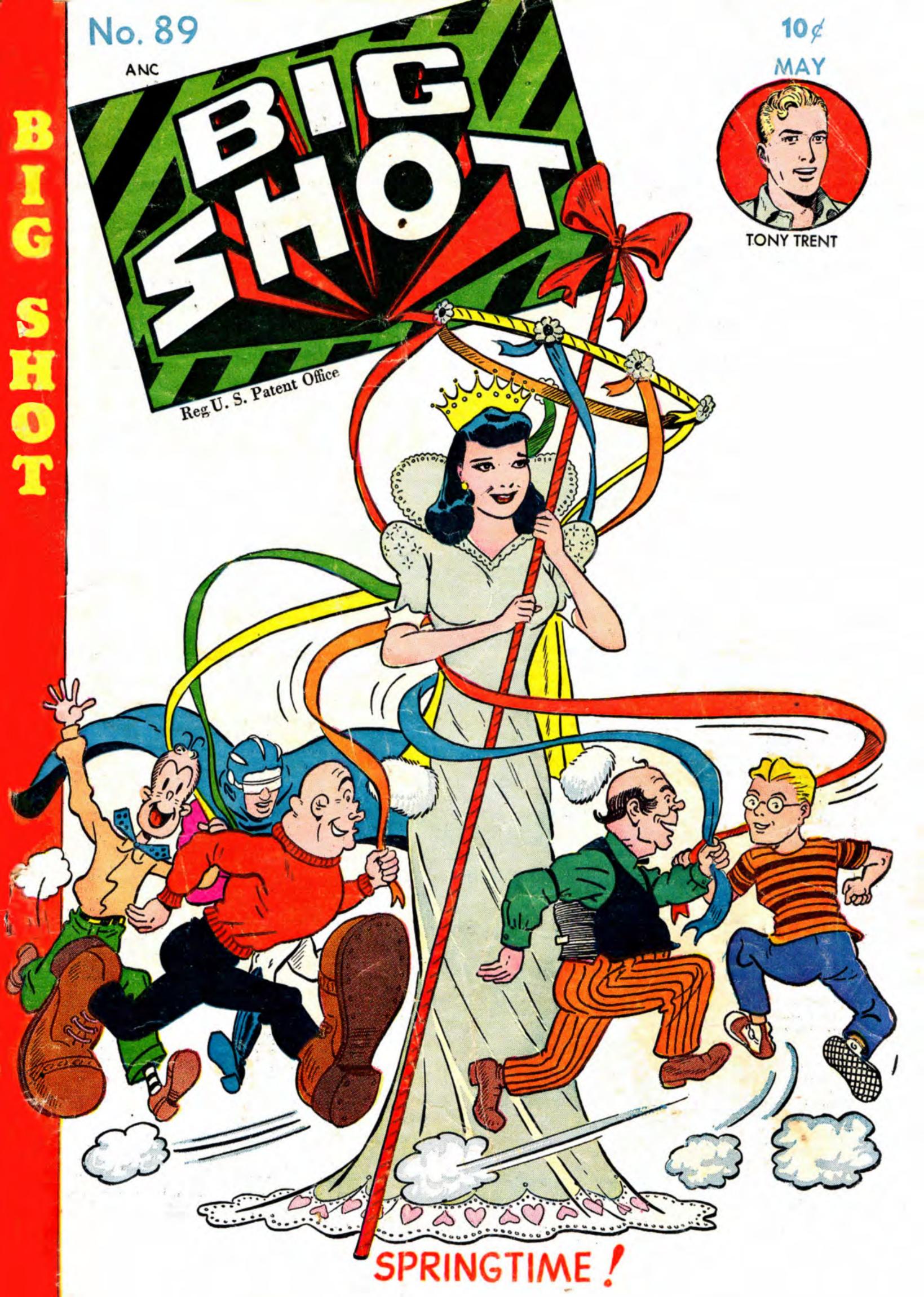
Reg U. S. Patent Office

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SPRINGTIME!

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





# The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Boys and Girls

Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**  
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

WITH YOUR NAME EN-  
GRAVED ON ALL THREE  
WRITING INSTRUMENTS

\$ **169**

IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You



1

2

3

ILLUSTRATIONS  
ARE ACTUAL SIZE

## 1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

## 2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

## 3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

## 10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➤

## FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➤

## DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➤

## SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➤

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

## SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 52-E  
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okas, "miracle man", prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (I pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

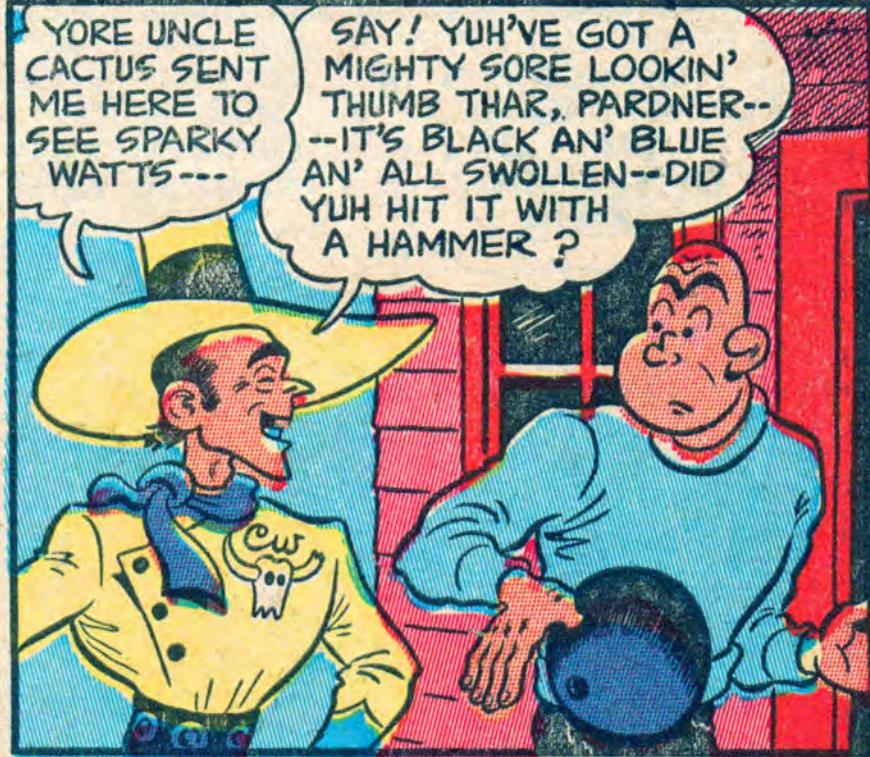
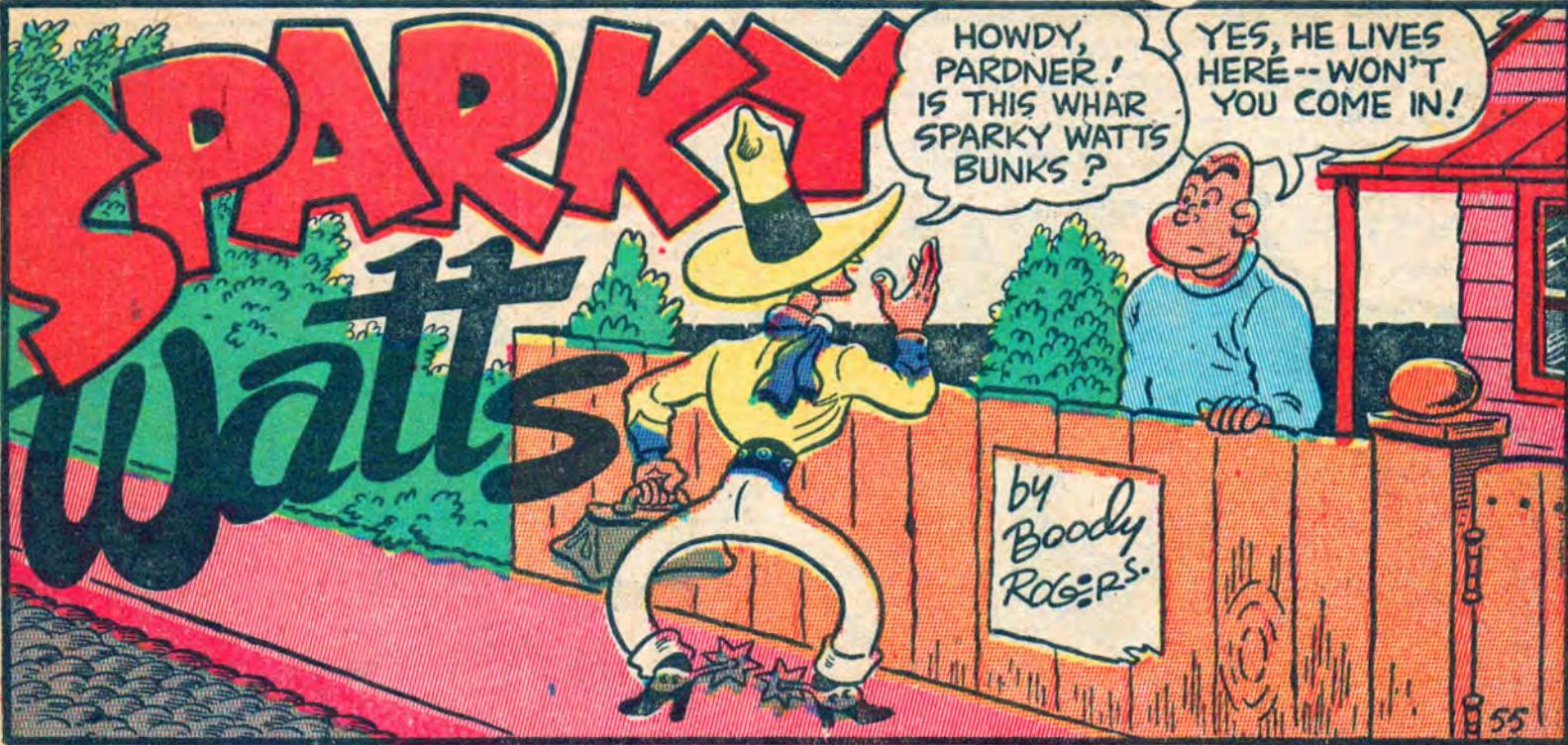
(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 52-E**  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois



# BIG SHOT

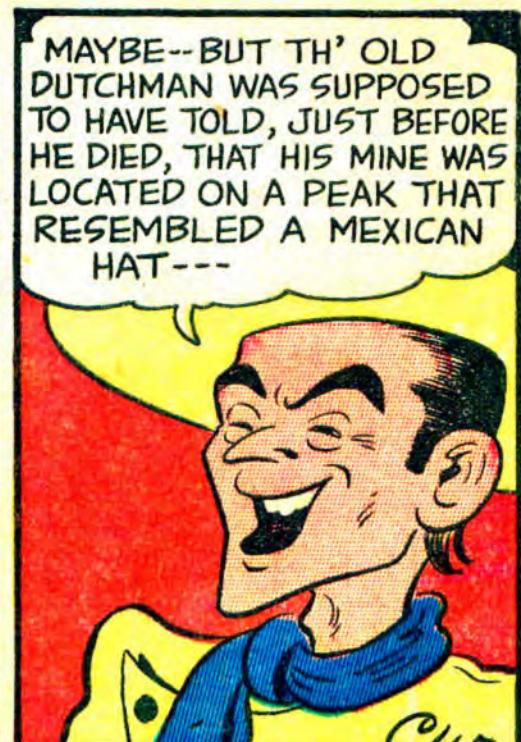
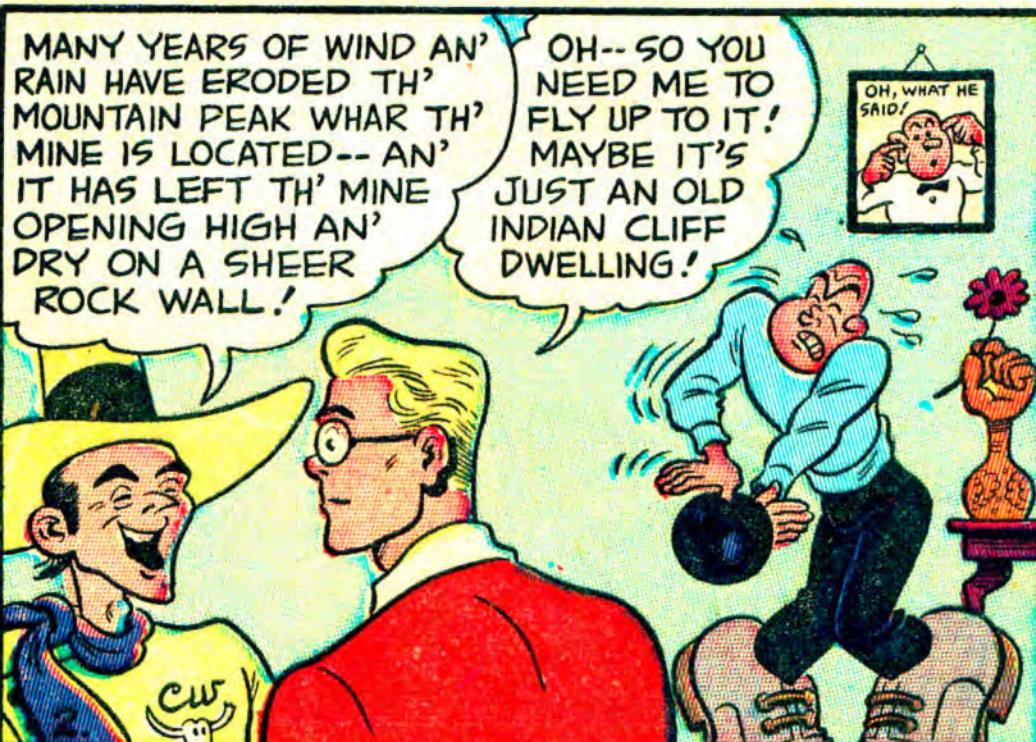
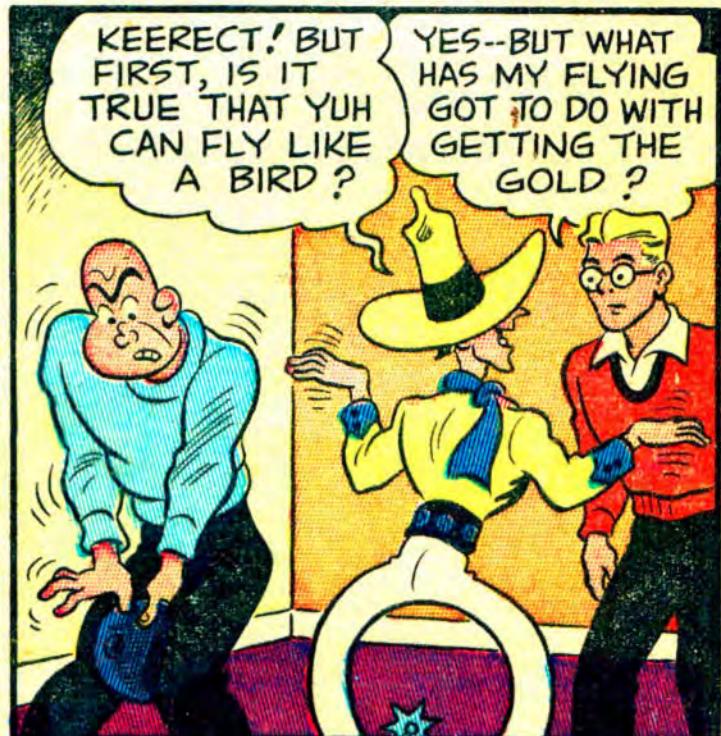
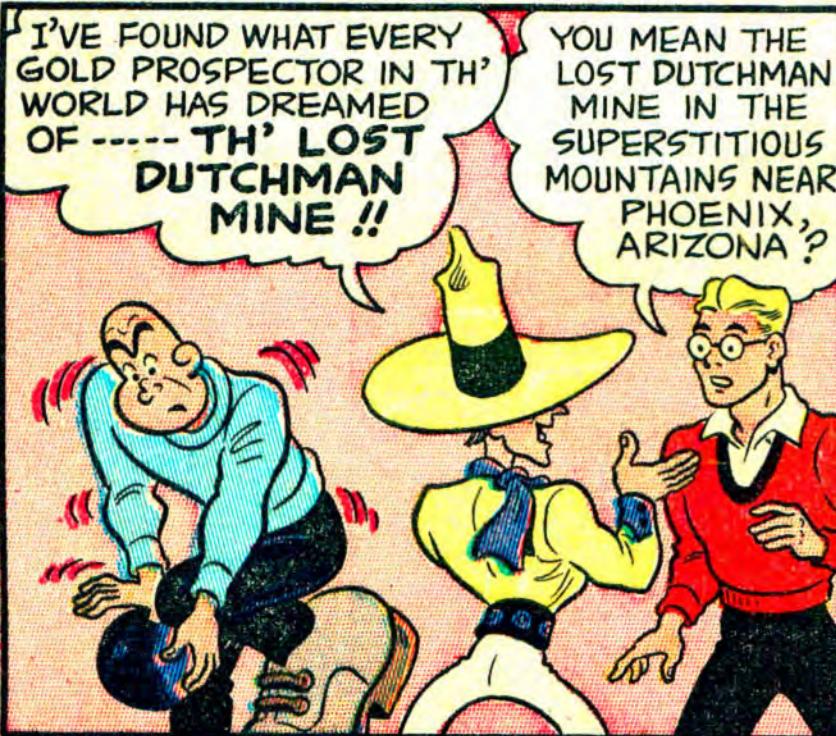
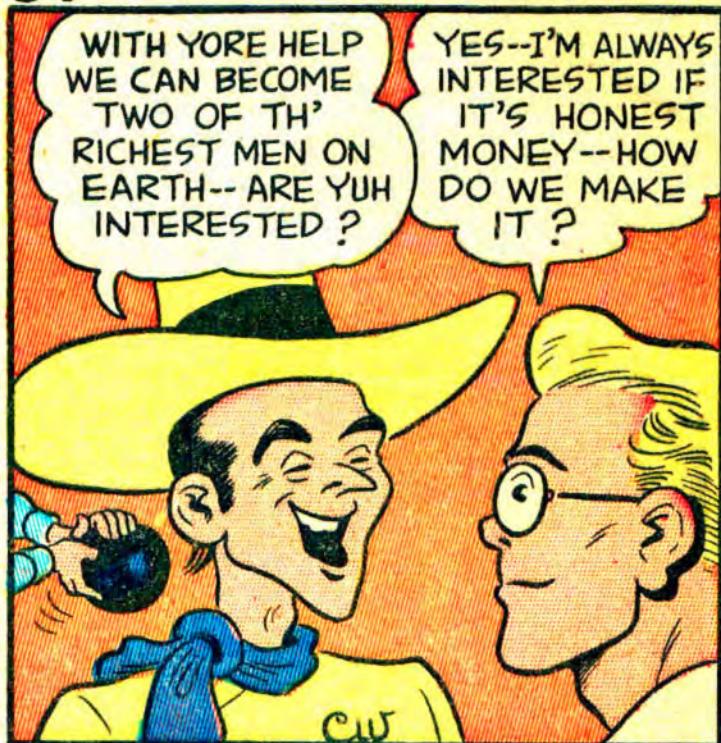
ONE FROM  
NINE--?--LEAVES  
EIGHT--BY  
GOLLY, HE'S  
RIGHT--AW--  
HE MUST BE  
JOKIN'!!

I'M PROUD TO  
MEET YUH, SPARKY--  
--MY NAME IS  
**CHUCK WAGGIN!**

HELLO,  
CHUCK--  
WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR  
YOU?

WITH YORE HELP  
WE CAN BECOME  
TWO OF TH'  
RICHEST MEN ON  
EARTH--ARE YUH  
INTERESTED?

YES--I'M ALWAYS  
INTERESTED IF  
IT'S HONEST  
MONEY--HOW  
DO WE MAKE  
IT?



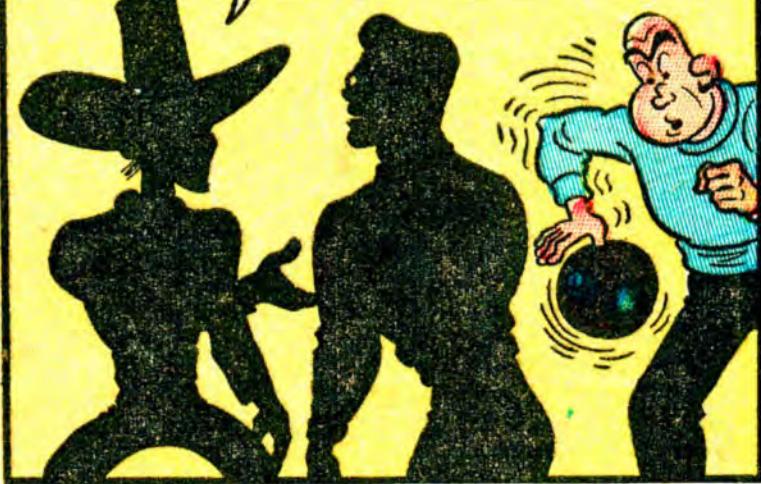
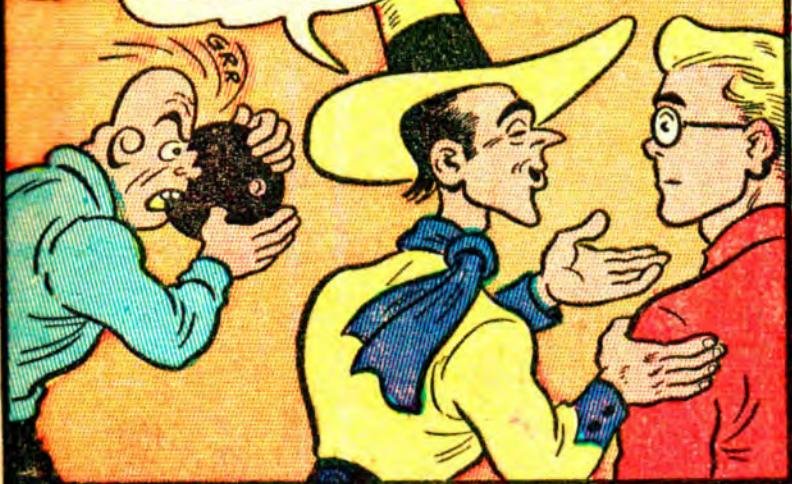
# BIG SHOT

WELL, I'VE FOUND TH' PEAK AN' HIGH ON ITS SIDE IS A TUNNEL OPENING-- BUT SINCE MOST OF TH' MOUNTAIN HAS CRUMBLED AWAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FER AN ORDINARY MAN TO GET TO IT!



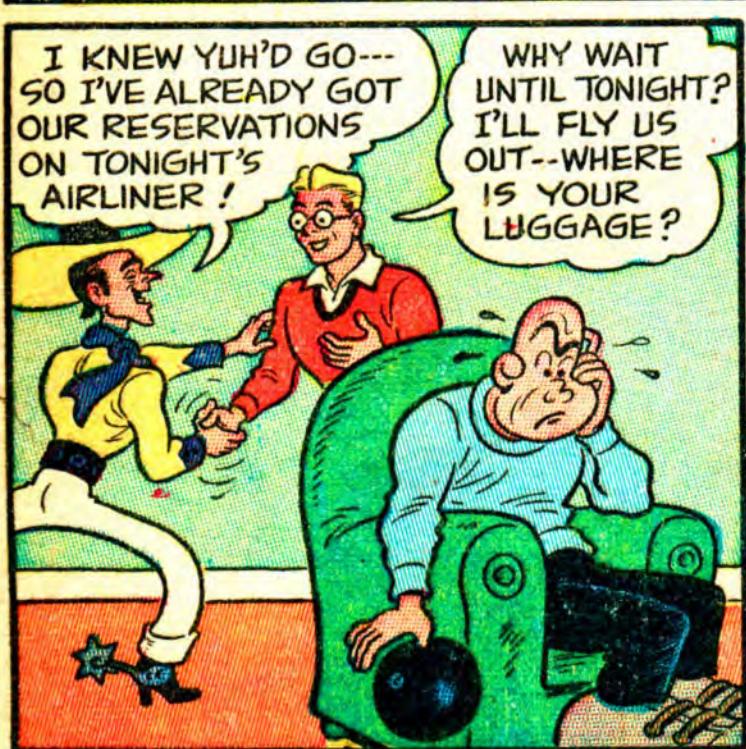
IT MUST BE TH' MINE--IT'S TH' ONLY SPOT THAT HASN'T BEEN SEARCHED A THOUSAND TIMES!

SOUNDS REASONABLE----LET'S GET STARTED!



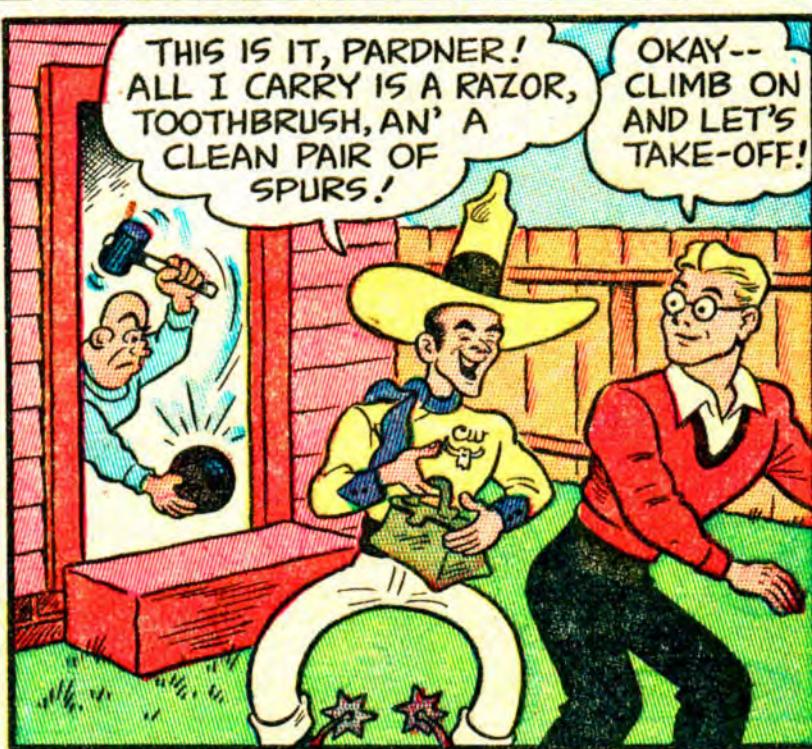
I KNEW YUH'D GO-- SO I'VE ALREADY GOT OUR RESERVATIONS ON TONIGHT'S AIRLINER!

WHY WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT? I'LL FLY US OUT--WHERE IS YOUR LUGGAGE?



THIS IS IT, PARDNER! ALL I CARRY IS A RAZOR, TOOTHBRUSH, AN' A CLEAN PAIR OF SPURS!

OKAY-- CLIMB ON AND LET'S TAKE-OFF!



DON'T YUH HAVE A SADDLE? I'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME STIRRUPS IN CASE YUH GET TO BUCKING!!

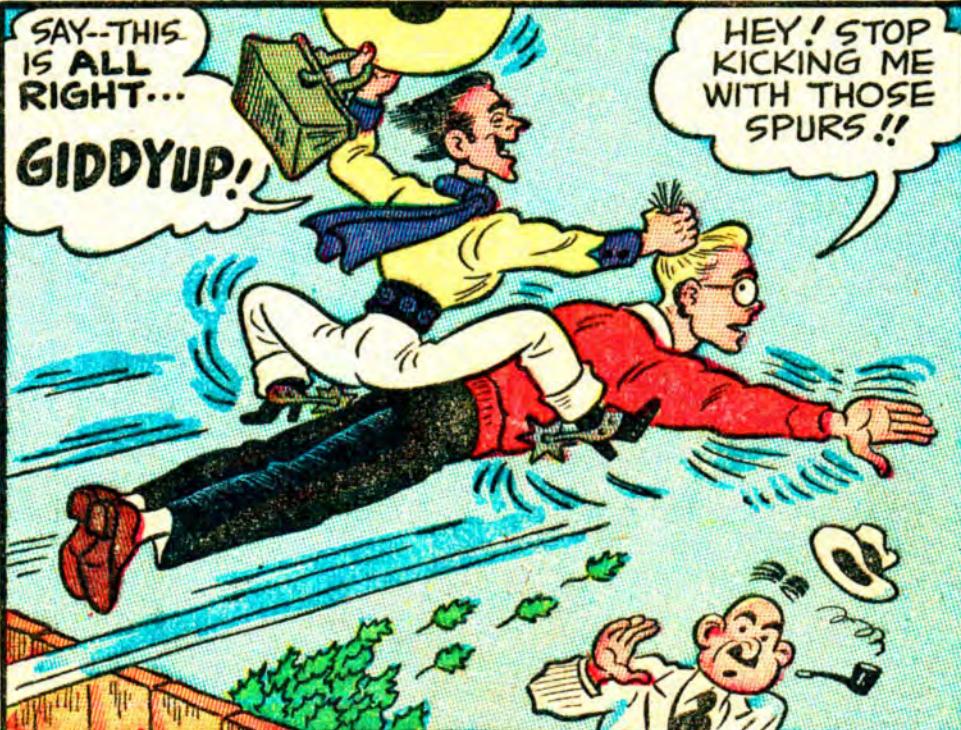
DON'T WORRY--I'M AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN-- I WON'T BUCK!



SAY--THIS IS ALL RIGHT...

**GIDDYUP!**

HEY! STOP KICKING ME WITH THOSE SPURS!!



# BIG SHOT

SORRY, PARDNER--I  
FORGOT YUH'RE NOT  
A HOSS---HOPE I  
DIDN'T HURT  
YUH !!

NOTHING  
CAN HURT ME!  
I'M FULL OF  
COSMIC RAYS---  
---BUT YOUR  
SPURS  
TICKLED  
MY RIBS!

SAY--WE'RE MAKING  
PRETTY GOOD TIME--  
WE'RE ALREADY  
FLYIN' OVER  
PHILADELPHIA!

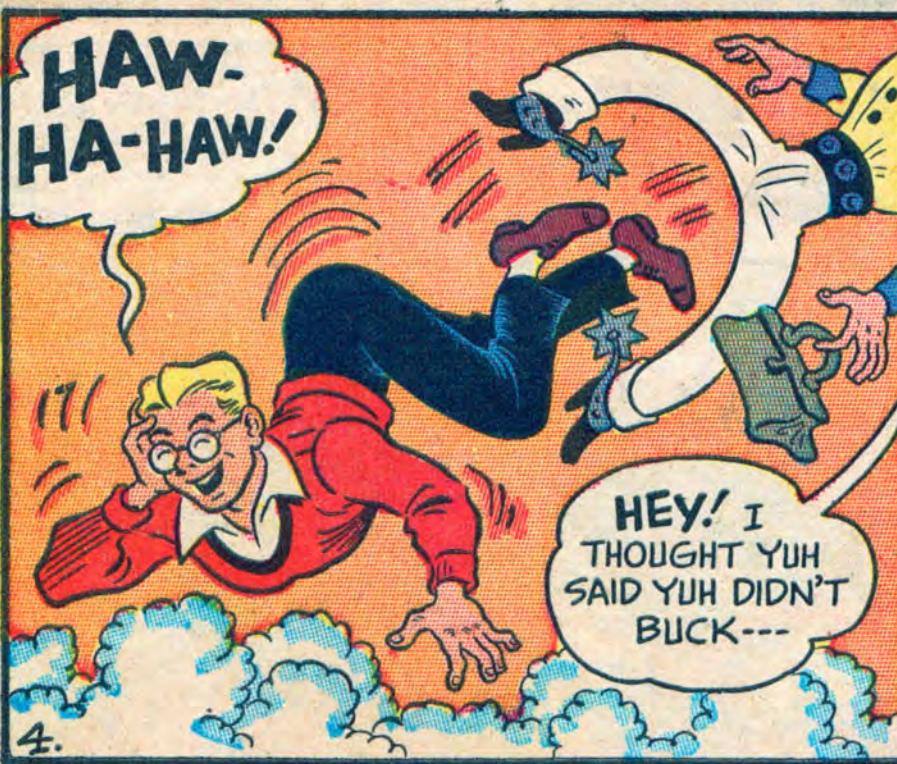
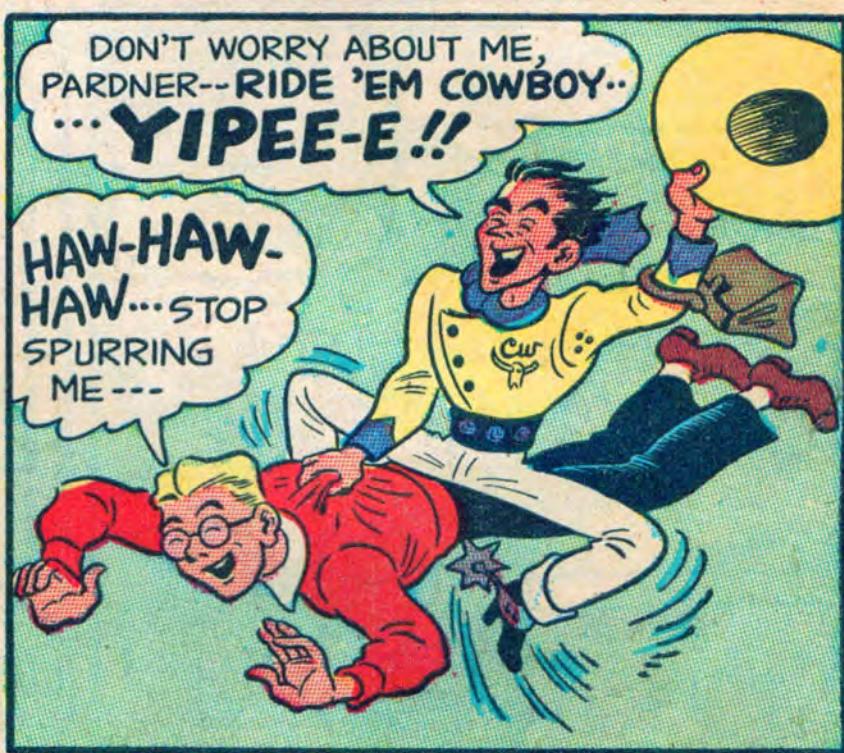
THAT'S ST. LOUIS!  
WE WENT OVER  
PHILLY THREE  
MINUTES AGO!



Y--Y--YUH MEAN  
WE'RE GOIN' 300  
MILES PER  
MINUTE !?

YES--I'M ONLY  
USING MY HANDS---  
IF I ALSO KICKED  
MY FEET I'D GO SO  
FAST THAT YOU  
COULDN'T HANG  
ON !

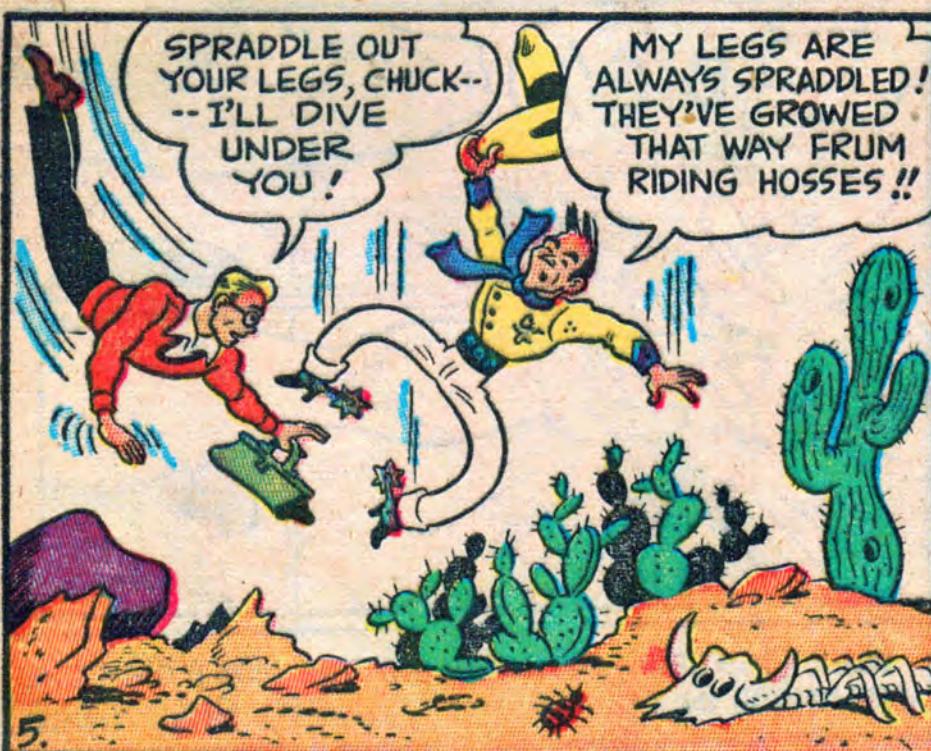
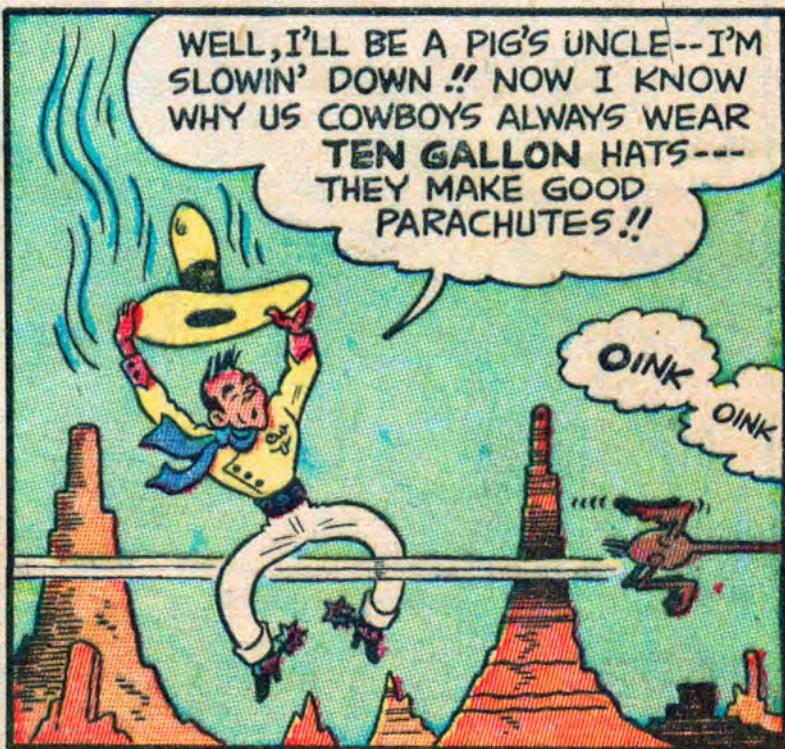
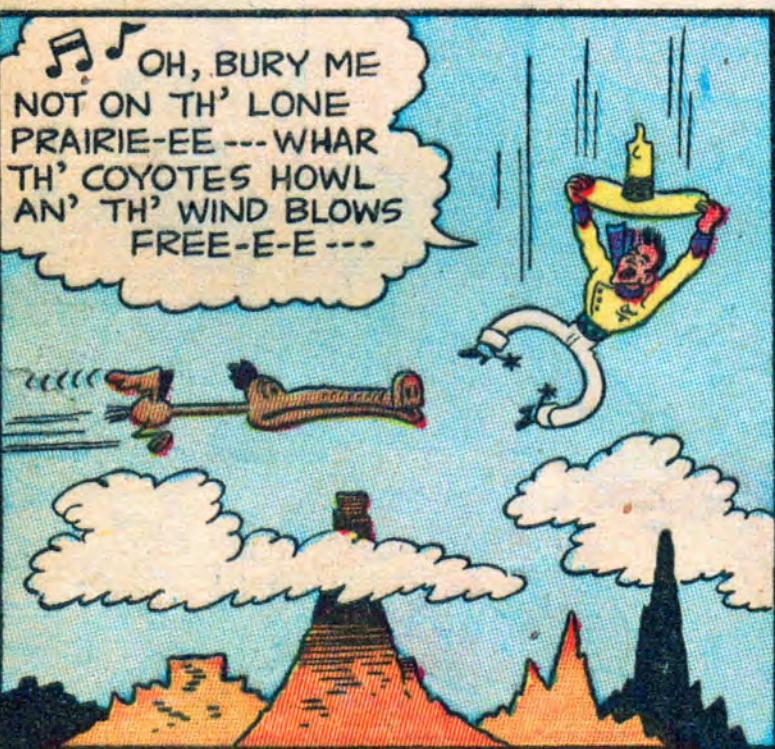
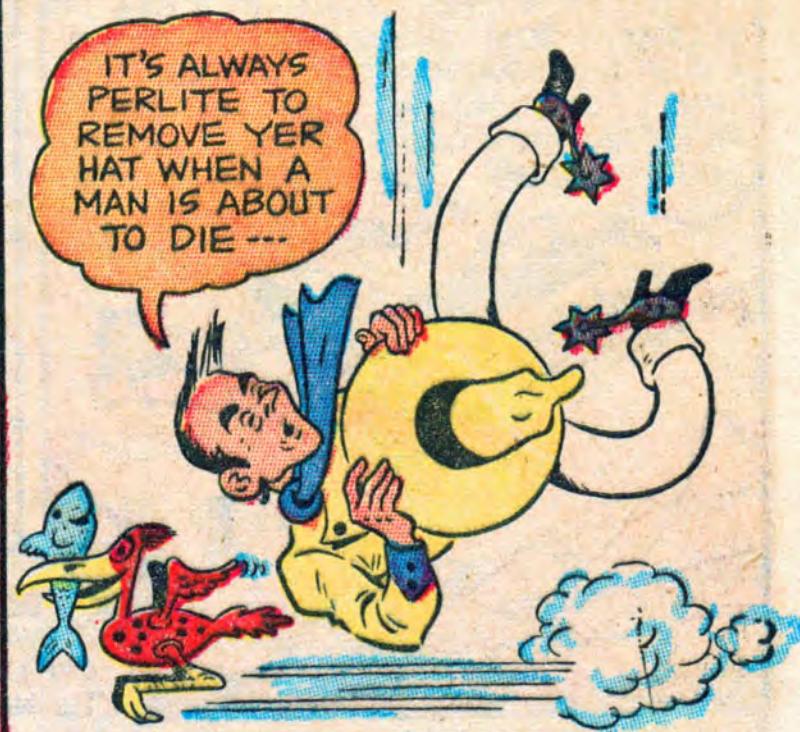
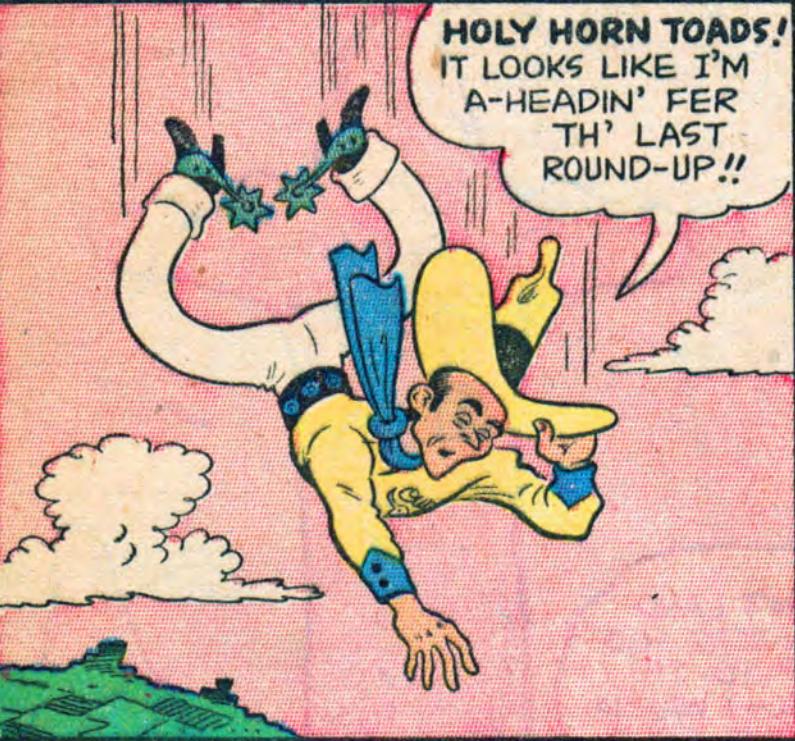
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME,  
PARDNER--RIDE 'EM COWBOY..  
...YIPEE-E!!



# BIG SHOT

HOLY HORN TOADS!  
IT LOOKS LIKE I'M  
A-HEADIN' FER  
TH' LAST  
ROUND-UP!!

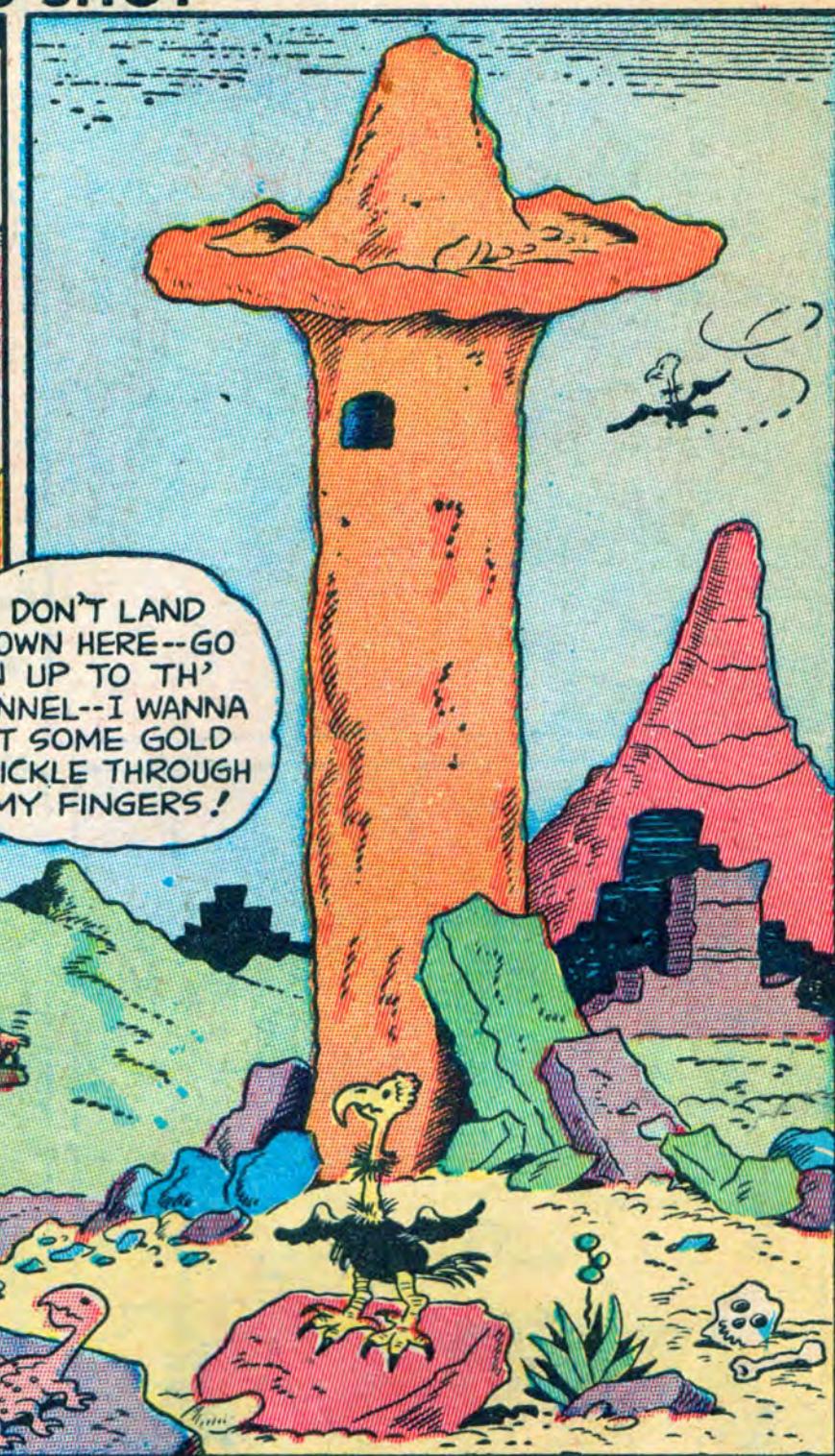
IT'S ALWAYS  
PERLITE TO  
REMOVE YER  
HAT WHEN A  
MAN IS ABOUT  
TO DIE ---



# BIG SHOT

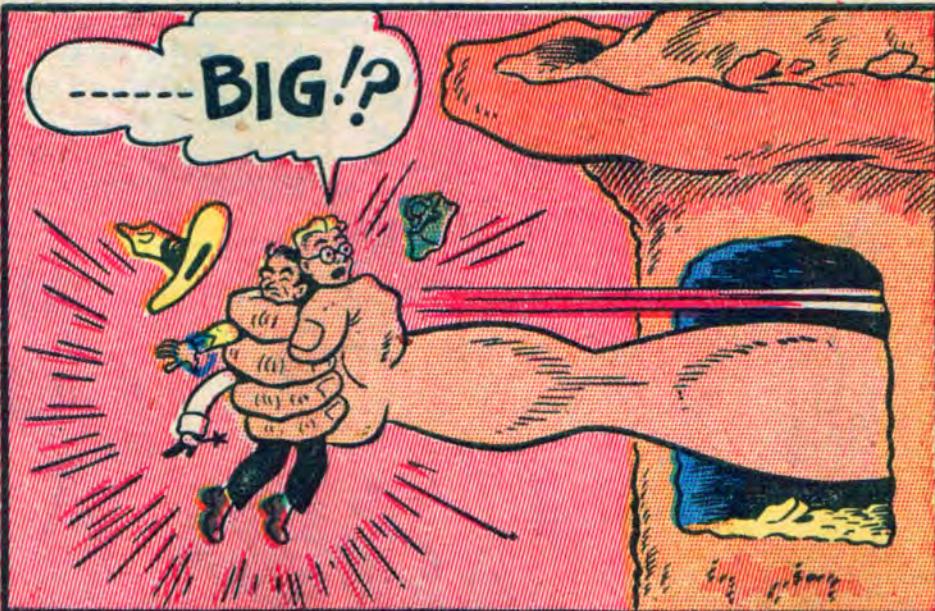
THAT'S TH' SUPERSTITIONS  
BELOW US NOW--IF YUH SEE  
A HIGH ROCK WITH A TOP  
THAT LOOKS LIKE A  
MEXICAN HAT--THAT'S  
OUR PLACE!

I SEE  
IT--HOLD  
YOUR OWN  
HAT--WE'RE  
GOING  
DOWN!



SPEAKING OF  
FINGERS--DO  
YUH SEE WHAT  
I SEE--OR AM  
I HAVIN' EYE  
TROUBLE  
AGAIN ?!!

NO--THOSE  
LOOK LIKE  
FINGERS IN  
THERE--BUT  
THEY CAN'T  
BE--THEY'RE  
TOO -----



NEXT ISSUE ... INTRODUCING THE MOST AMAZING  
CREATURE IN COMICS ..... "JUMBO FIGNIGGLE".

# DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

MRS. DUGAN HAS DISAPPEARED AND PA AND DIXIE BEGIN TO FEAR THE WORST

IT'S OBVIOUS YOUR MOTHER THAT'S BOUGHT A NEW OUTFIT—  
THE STORE SENT THE OLD ONE BACK SPECIAL  
DELIVERY

WHAT  
I WAS  
THINKING—

IT'S HARDER AND I WOULDN'T  
FOR THE POLICE DOUBT SHE WENT  
TO FIND HER, TO A BEAUTY  
IN DIFFERENT PARLOR—THAT'S  
CLOTHES THE FIRST THING  
A WOMAN THINKS OF  
WHEN SHE COMES  
TO THE CITY

I'LL BET DOLLARS  
TO DOUGHNUTS  
MA WANTED TO  
SEE NEW YORK  
CITY ALONE!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
DIXIE

MA!

WOMAN, IT'S  
ABOUT TIME  
YA SHOWED  
UP!

YES, I  
KNOW

SHE IS MA,  
ISN'T  
SHE ?? MUST  
BE HER  
YOUNGER  
SISTER

DID YOU KNOW WE  
HAD THE WHOLE  
NEW YORK POLICE  
FORCE LOOKIN'  
FER YA ?

I'M  
SORRY

# BIG SHOT

FORGIVE ME  
FOR WORRYING  
YOU — I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
EVERY-  
THING

NOBODY'S  
WORRIED — JES  
HOPPIN' MAD-  
YA MIGHT'VE  
CALLED — YER  
INCONSIDERATE,  
WOMAN! WORRIED?  
POPPYCOCK!

MA-TELL  
US WHAT  
HAPPENED?

MIND IF I  
REMOVE  
MY SHOES,  
MR. BRADLEY?

NOT AT  
ALL, MRS.  
DUGAN

"NEW YORK PETRIFIED ME SO WHEN WE  
ARRIVED I JUST COULDN'T THINK—  
SO TO LICK THE SITUATION I PUSHED  
MYSELF OUT TO GET ALONG THE  
BEST I COULD"

"I BUMPED SMACK INTO MISS ENSIGN,  
THE WOMAN WHO OFFERED ME THAT  
DESIGNING JOB SOME MONTHS AGO."

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN NEW  
YORK??

I-I'M SURE  
I DON'T  
KNOW

"TO KEEP  
ME FROM  
BEING  
TRAMPLED  
TO BITS  
BY THE  
CROWD  
SHE  
TOOK  
ME TO  
LUNCH  
AT THE  
"SKY  
CLUB"

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
NOT HUNGRY?

"GULP"  
I-I'M SO  
HIGH UP  
NOTHING  
WILL STAY  
DOWN

"AFTER THAT SHE TOOK ME TO  
HER STORE — SAID SHE WANTED  
TO START ME OUT RIGHT—"

COMPLIMENTS  
OH THANK  
YOU — IT'S  
LADY" WE HAVE WONDERFUL  
NICE CLOTHES — FUNNY, I  
TOO CAN DESIGN  
FOR EVERYBODY  
BUT MYSELF

"— THEN I REALLY  
GOT THE WORKS!"



"AND KNOWING I WAS HIRED TO  
DESIGN FOR THE THEATRE SHE  
THOUGHT I SHOULD SEE A SHOW"



# BIG SHOT

(SIGH) I FEEL MUCH BETTER ABOUT NEW YORK NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN INTO THE SWING OF THINGS AND AM—I TIRED —

YOU MUST BE—I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW

BETTER STILL—AM I WELL-FIRED ?? I DON'T THINK THEY YOUR BROTHER AND THE OTHERS THINK I CAN DESIGN AFTER MY INABILITY TO PRODUCE ONE SINGLE IDEA—

WELL-WERE DISAP-POINTED

IT'S ALL MY FAULT, HOWEVER—I DIDN'T GIVE YOU MUCH TIME TO GET SETTLED—PERHAPS YOU CAN GET IDEAS FOR MY NEXT SHOW

NEXT SHOW ??

DO I STILL HAVE TIME FOR THIS SHOW ?? HERE — ?????



WHY THESE DESIGNS ARE TERRIFIC !!— DURING THE SHOW TONIGHT



I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A MODERN MUSICAL — THE MINUTE I SAW ONE, IDEAS POPPED

HOLD EVERYTHING



WHERE ARE THOSE SKETCHES ?

HERE

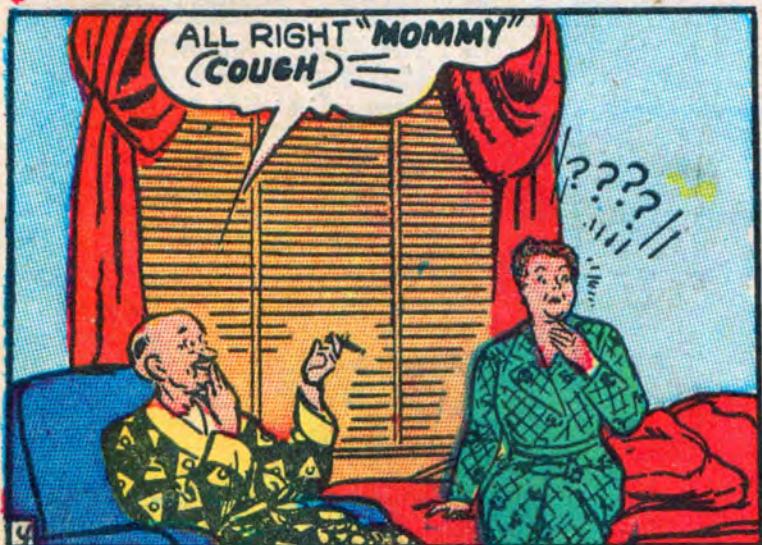
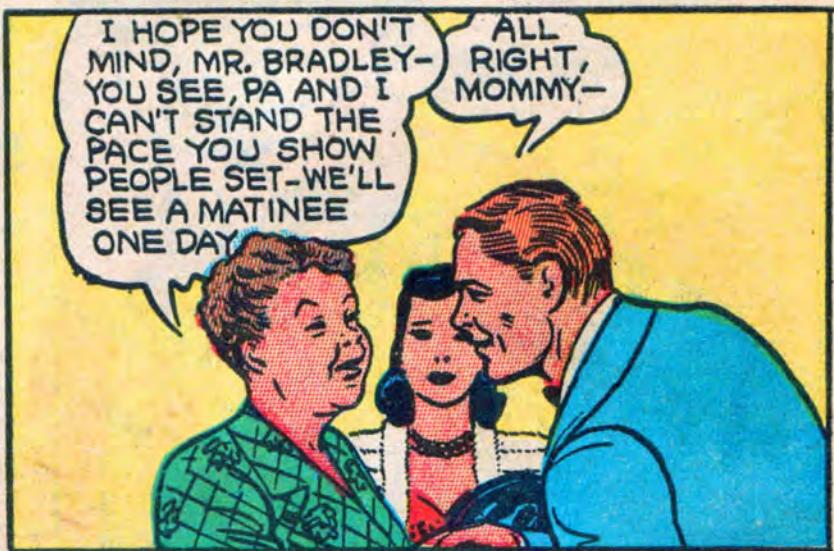
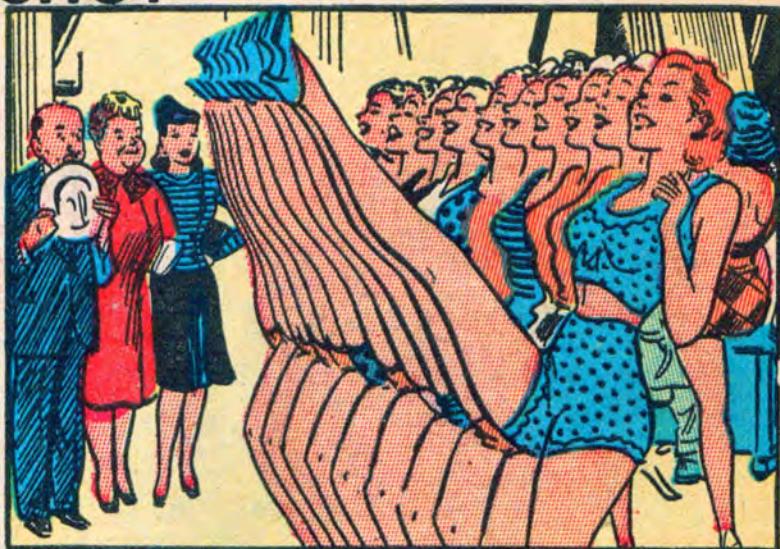
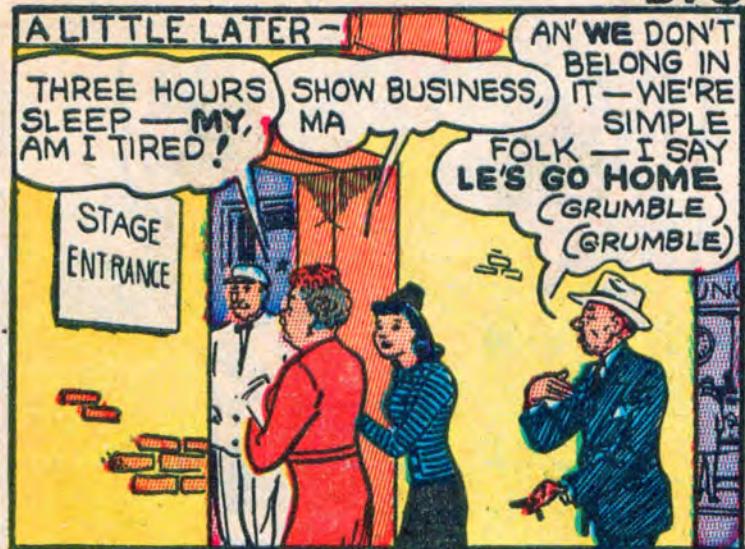


AND INTO THE MORNING —

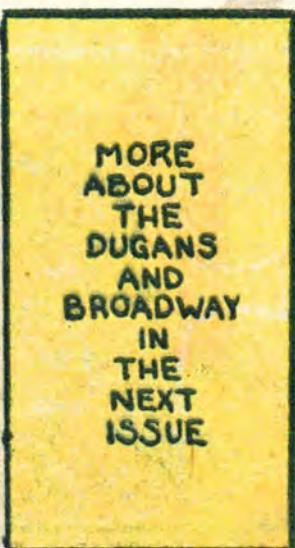
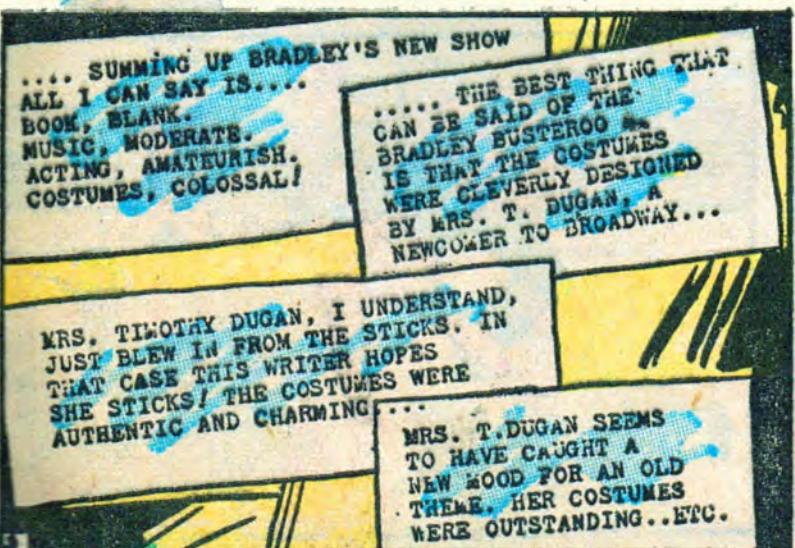
THEY HAVE A ALMOST TOO SIMPLICITY SIMPLE — HOW- EVER, THEY ARE UNUSUAL — NOT A BIT LIKE BROADWAY



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

# MICKEY FINN

BY

LANK LEONARD

SO PHIL IS TAKING  
THE KIDS SKATING  
TODAY, EH, MICKEY?  
—OVER TO THE LAKE?

NO, SERGEANT!  
HE'S TAKIN' THEM  
TO THE INDOOR RINK  
—IT'S SO MUCH SAFER  
THERE!

SHERIFF  
PHILIP  
FINN

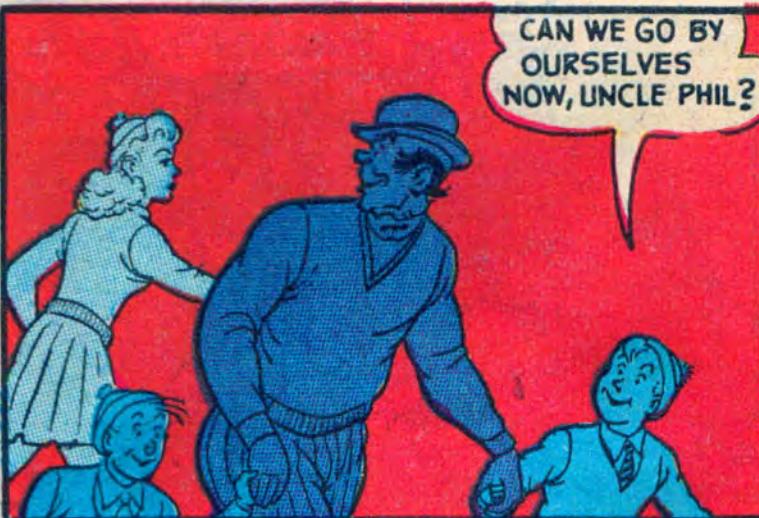
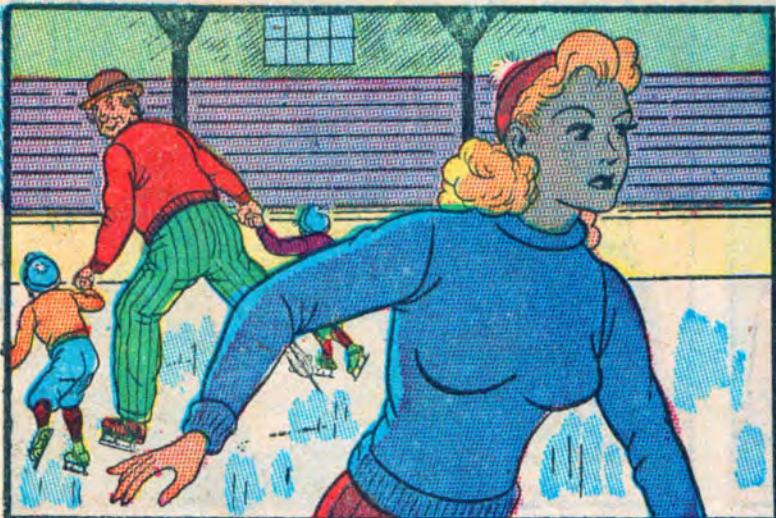
OH, STOP WORRYIN'!  
THERE'S NO WATER  
UNDER THE ICE AT THE  
RINK — IT'S FROZEN SOLID  
TO THE CEMENT FLOOR!

©

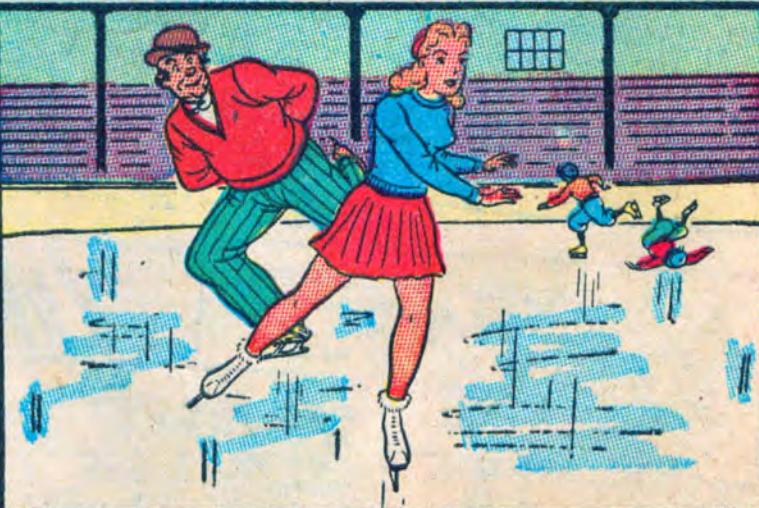
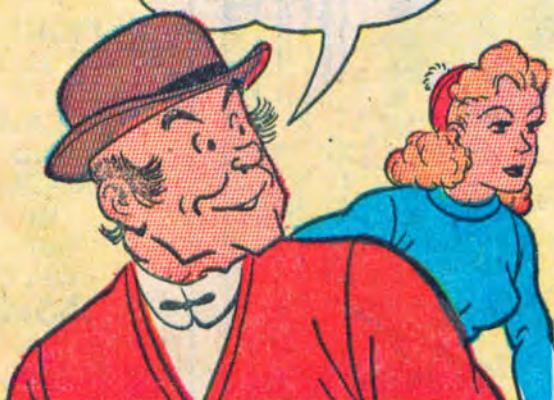
WELL, KEEP YOUR  
EYES ON THEM JUST  
THE SAME!

I WILL! COME  
ON, BOYS!

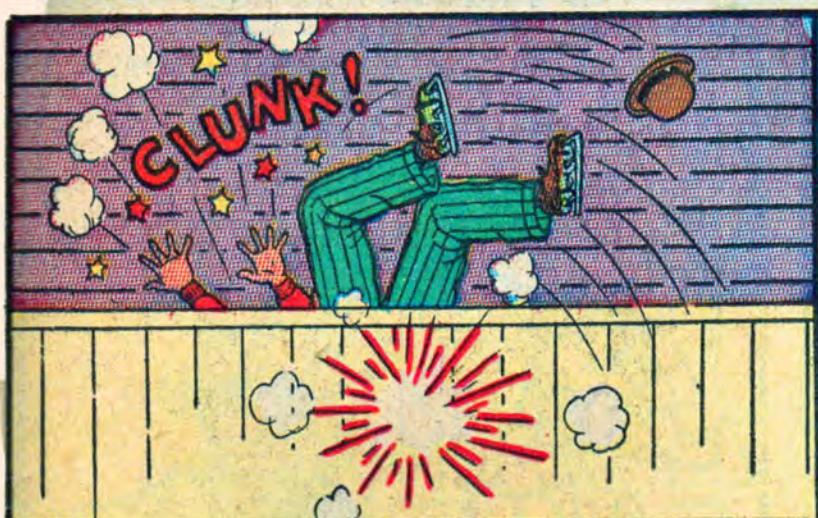
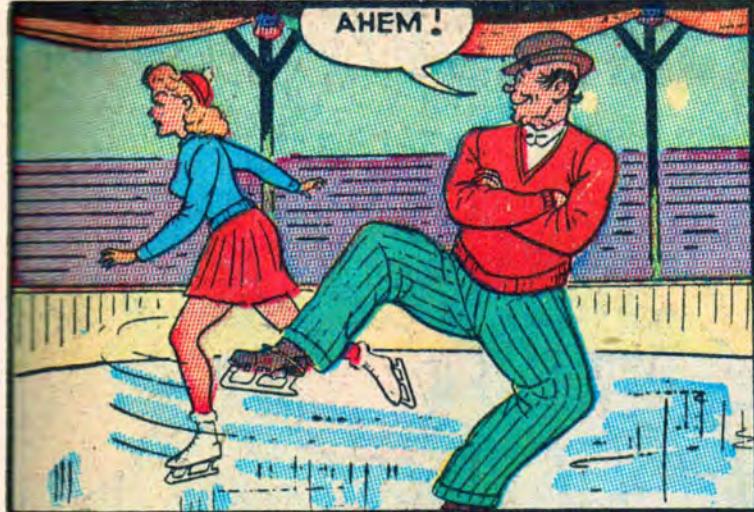
HMM—WHAT  
A SWELL  
NUMBER!



YES—GO AHEAD!  
I WAS JUST GOING  
TO SUGGEST IT!



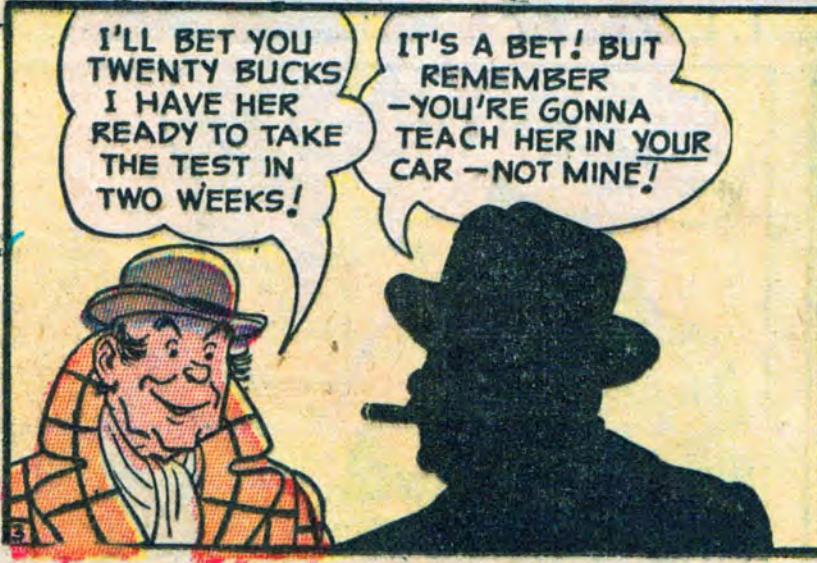
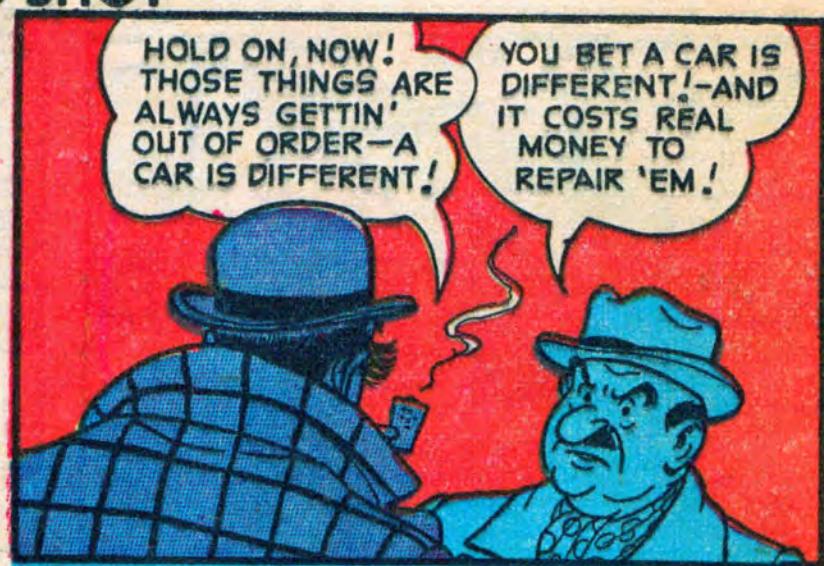
## BIG SHOT



## MICKEY FINN



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

PHIL IS  
TEACHING  
MRS. MALONEY  
HOW TO DRIVE  
A CAR!

HER HUSBAND  
HAS BET PHIL  
\$20.00 THAT  
SHE WON'T BE  
READY FOR  
THE TEST  
IN TWO WEEKS.

HOW IS SHE  
COMING  
ALONG,  
UNCLE PHIL?  
YOU'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE  
MORE WEEK!

SHE'S  
MAKING  
PROGRESS,  
MICHAEL!  
I'M REALLY  
GOING TO  
LET HER  
DRIVE TODAY!

WELL, MRS. MALONEY  
—ARE YOU ALL SET?  
THIS IS THE DAY THAT  
I'M GONNA LET  
YOU DRIVE!

WONDERFUL!  
I'M TAKING  
JUNIOR WITH US  
—I WANT HIM  
TO SEE ME!

IT WON'T START  
BECAUSE YOU  
FORGOT TO TURN  
THE KEY!

OH, YES! HOW  
STUPID OF ME!

THAT'S IT  
—EASY DOES  
IT!

LOOK, JUNIOR  
—MAMA IS  
DRIVING!

KEEP YOUR  
EYES ON THE  
ROAD—NEVER  
MIND JUNIOR!

JUNIOR—DON'T  
STAND UP—SIT  
DOWN ON THE  
SEAT!

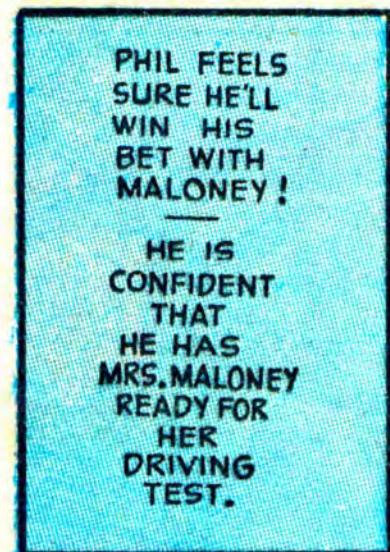
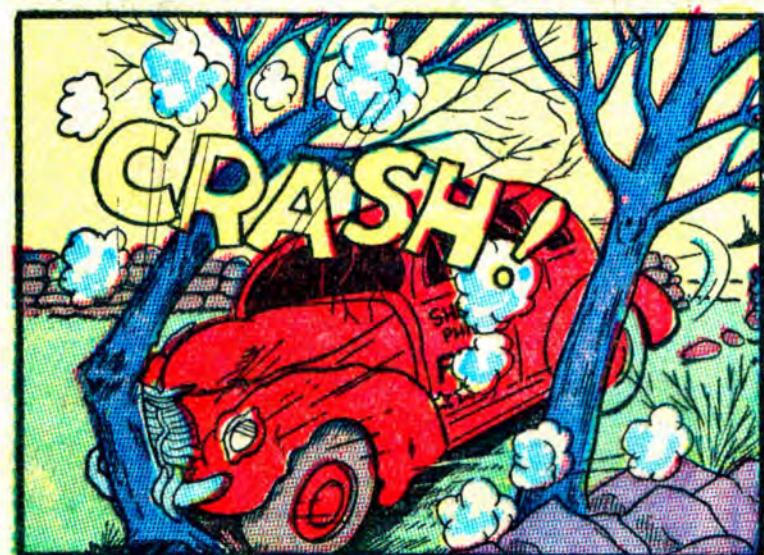
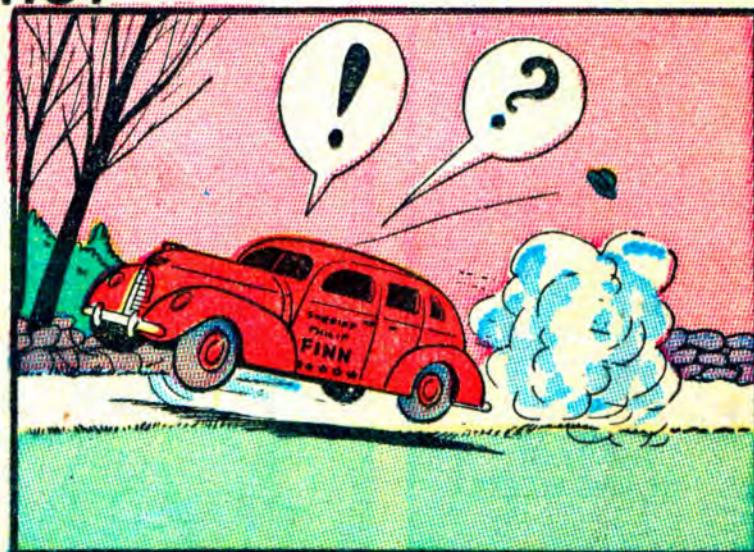
MAMA! I'M  
SCARED!

CREEE-EK!  
EEEK!

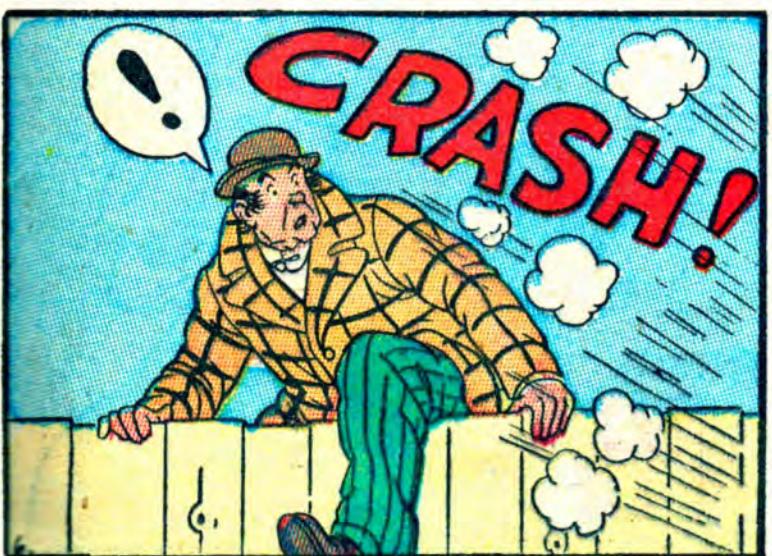
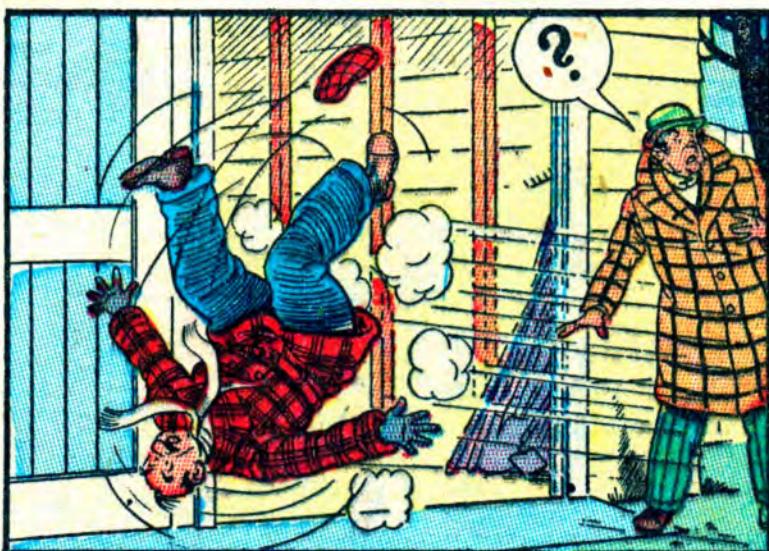
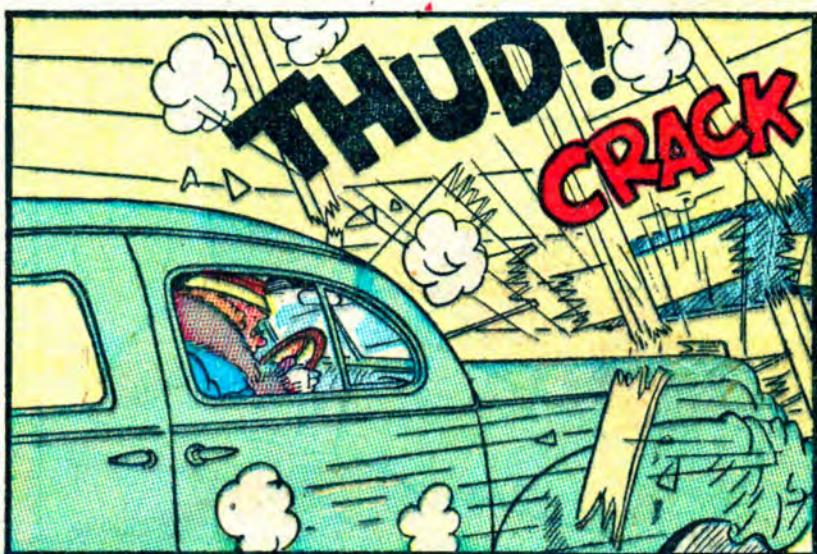
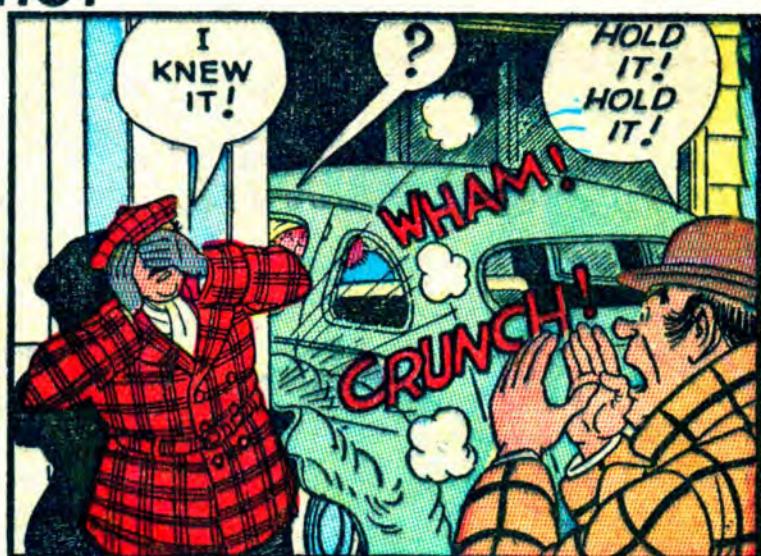
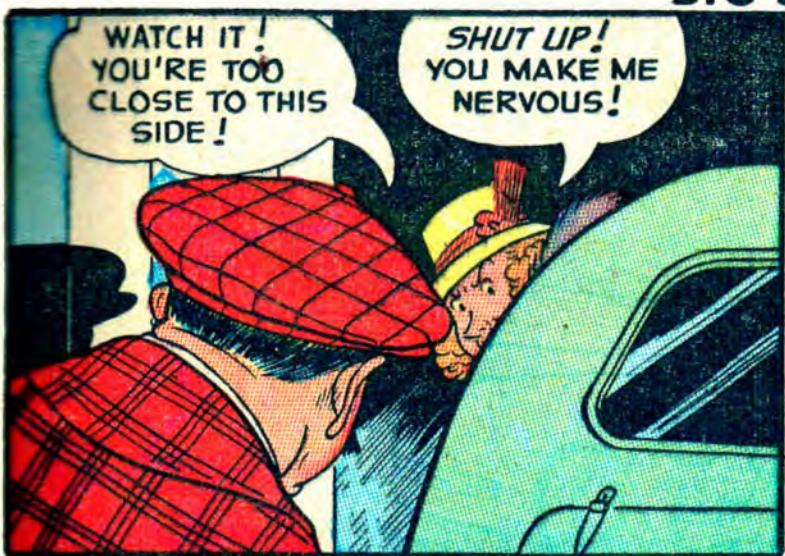
IT WAS JUNIOR'S  
FAULT, MRS. MALONEY!  
NO DAMAGE WAS DONE  
—SO DON'T LOSE YOUR  
CONFIDENCE!

I'M ALL RIGHT!  
DON'T WORRY!

# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

Hollywood

# Johnnie

by  
RENNY McEOY  
AND  
JIM PABIAN

JOHNNIE...SOME OF MY  
FRATERNITY BROTHERS  
ARE IN TOWN AND  
I'D LIKE TO...

YEAH...I KNOW.  
I'LL CONSULT MY  
LIL' RED BOOK...



BETTER STILL, DAN...GIMME A LIST OF THE  
GUYS THERE ARE AN' I'LL TALK TO THE  
GALS I KNOW.



OKAY, JOHNNIE...THEN  
I CAN DEPEND  
ON YOU?

DON'T  
WORRY.



HOW ABOUT IT, HONEY?  
THESE ARE ALL NICE  
LADS.

OKAY,  
JOHNNIE.



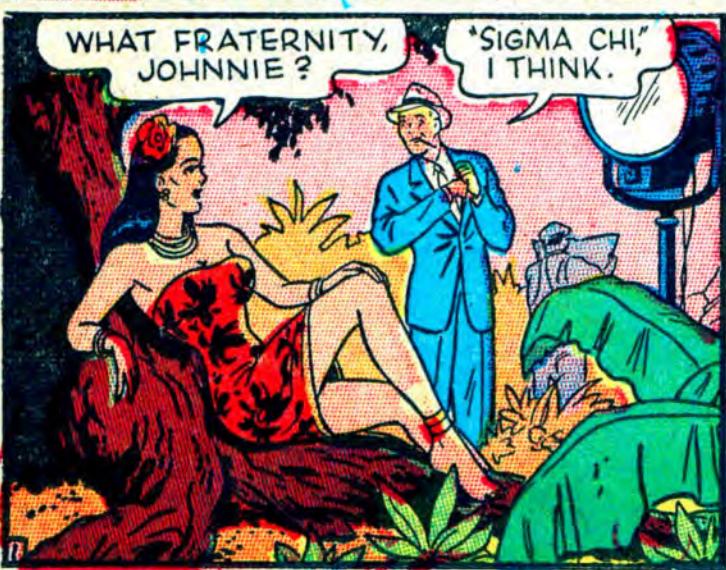
TONIGHT?

RIGHT.



WHAT FRATERNITY,  
JOHNNIE?

\*SIGMA CHI,\*  
I THINK.

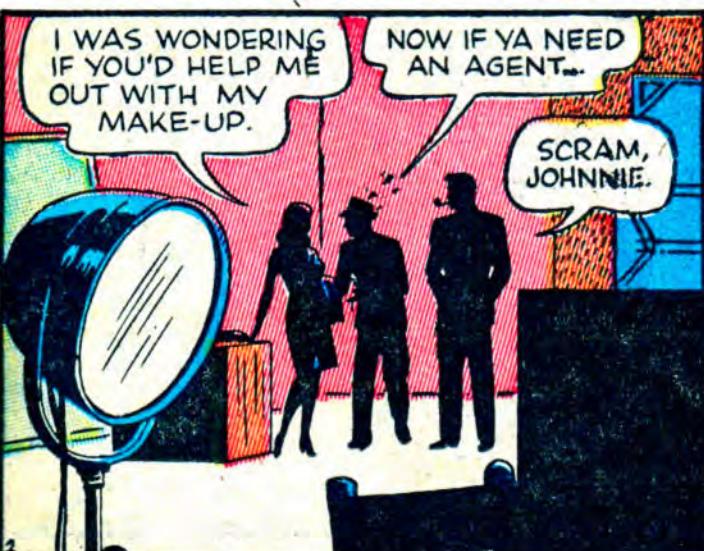
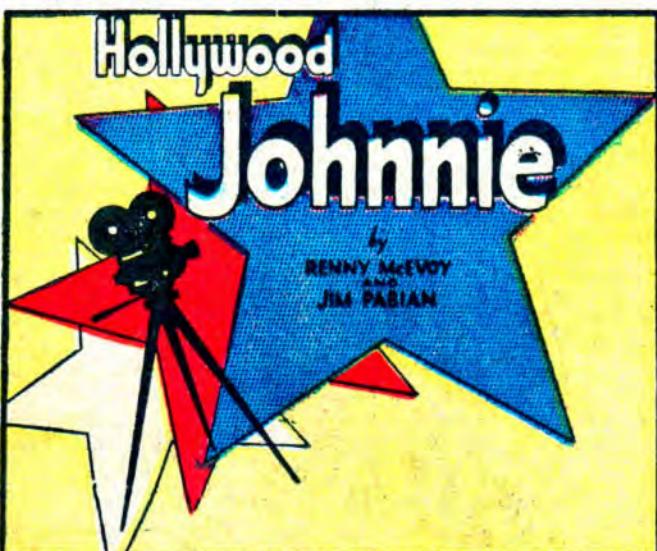
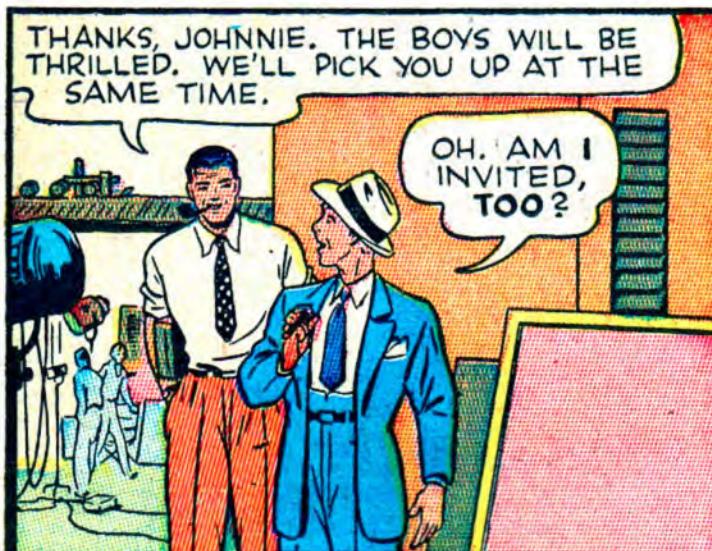
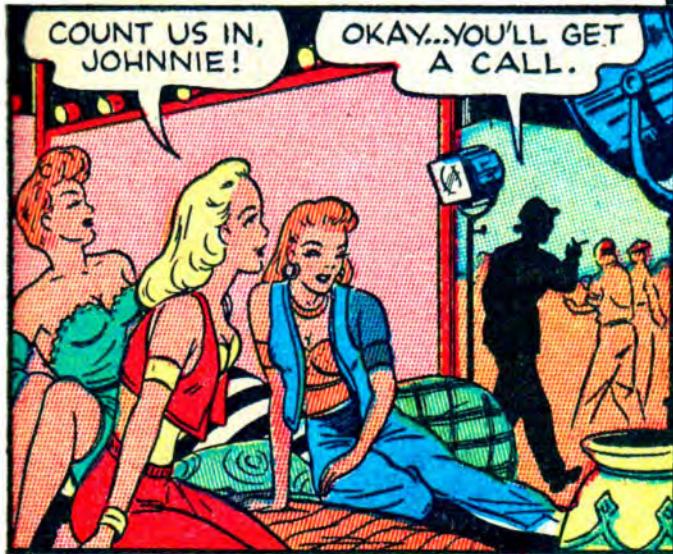


(WHEW) I'VE BEEN DANCING  
ALL DAY...BUT FOR A  
COUPLE OF SWELL BOYS  
LIKE YOU AND DAN...IT'S  
A DATE.

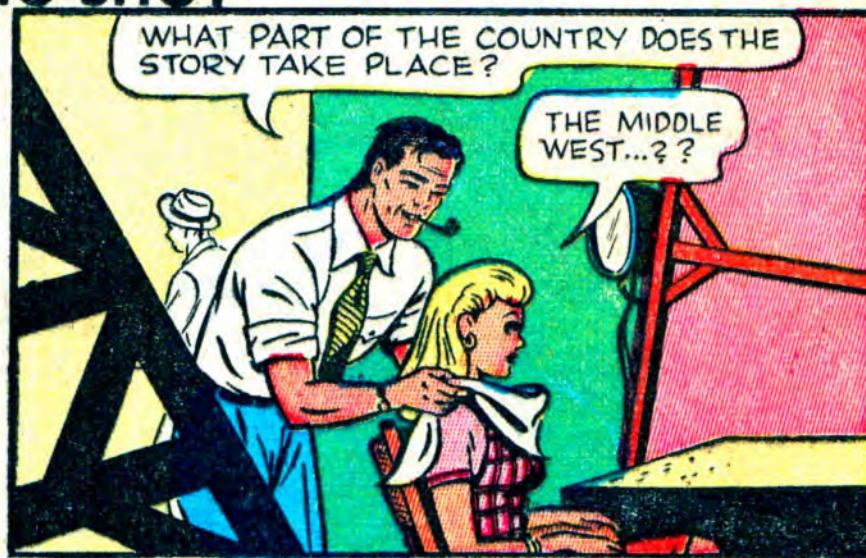
YOU'RE A  
TROUPER,  
TESS.



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

Hollywood

# Johnnie

by  
BENNY McEVoy  
and  
JIM PASIAN

JOHNNIE-BOY! MY AGENT...MY COUNSELLOR...MIGOSH!  
LET'S GO...I'M RARIN' TO SEE THIS TOWN!

HI!

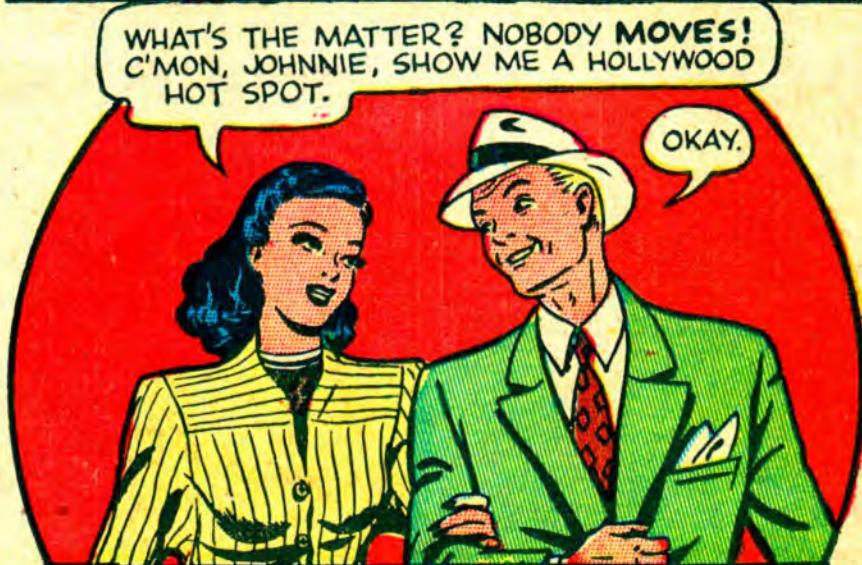
HOW WAS THE TRIP?

NEW YORK TO  
CALIFORNIA...FFT!  
JUST LIKE THAT...  
WHEN'LL WE HIT  
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.?

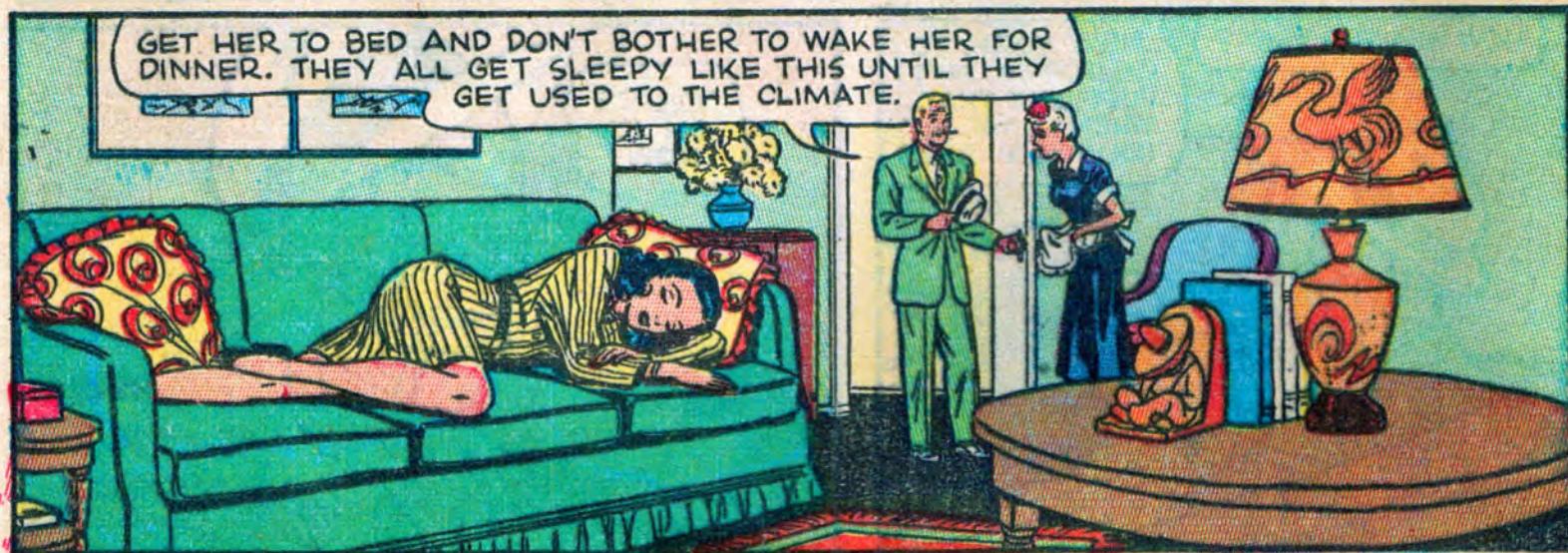
YOU'RE  
ON IT  
NOW!

BR-ROTHER! THAT'S REALLY INCOGNITO!  
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER SHE'S A STAR, A  
BATHING BEAUTY OR AN ESKIMO!

HOW'D YA LIKE T'SEE THE  
STUDIO WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING TO WORK? EX-CITING!



# BIG SHOT



**200 DIFFERENT STAMPS**  
to approval applicants. Contains stamps worth up to 15¢ each.

LITTLETON STAMP CO.  
LITTLETON 18. N. H.

ONLY 3¢

## World's Largest Triangle Stamp

included in Rare Russian Set of picturesque designs, mammoth stamps. This complete set including giant triangle retails for \$3.00 but only 10¢ to approval applicants. WEST COAST STAMP SERVICE, Box 344E, Hollywood Station, Hollywood 28, California.

## POSITIVELY GREATEST FREE OFFER

Latest Scott's International \$6.00 stamp album—covering entire world, contains 36,000 illustrated descriptive spaces; Scott's 1948 Standard \$7.00 catalogues, "Philately's Encyclopedia"—absolutely free to applicants for foreign approvals becoming customers. AMERICAS' STAMP SERVICE — RED LANDS, CALIFORNIA.

## VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika, British Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all free—send 5¢ for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY  
Dept. BC  
Toronto, Canada

## WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10¢

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps just as received from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamps from Africa, South America, Free French, Somali, Palestine, etc. Includes airmails, commemoratives and stamps worth up to 50¢. This offer sent for 10¢ to serious approval applicants only.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 23, Jamestown, N. Y.

## Your Money's Worth!

BIG BARGAIN! Includes SEYCHELLES (Big Beauty), DJIBOUTI (gorgeous), ANGOLA (Africa) and set of Chinese Hunger Stamps, together with over 100 different other stamps. Everything only 10¢ to approval applicants. ATLAS STAMP CO., Dept. K, 4220 West 16th St., Little Rock, Ark.

BIG SHOT

# BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

LOOK WHO'S COMING, BRASS!

FRANKIE AND DRACKY—AND THEIR GIRL FRIENDS!

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF US AT ALL?

WHY? WE KNOW YOU'RE JUST A COUPLE OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRES PLAYING GHOSTS!



BRASS AND I ARE GOING TO THE MOVIES!

I HAVE AN IDEA! — WHY DON'T YOU ALL COME ALONG WITH US?



LET'S GO, DRACKY!

WE'LL MAKE IT A REGULAR THEATER PARTY!



GHASTLY! GORY! GRUESOME!

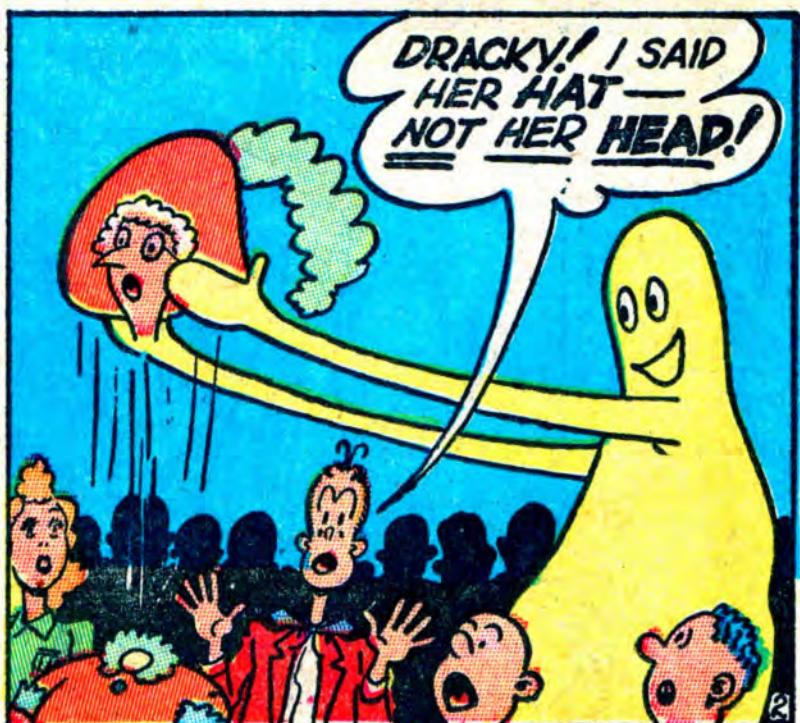
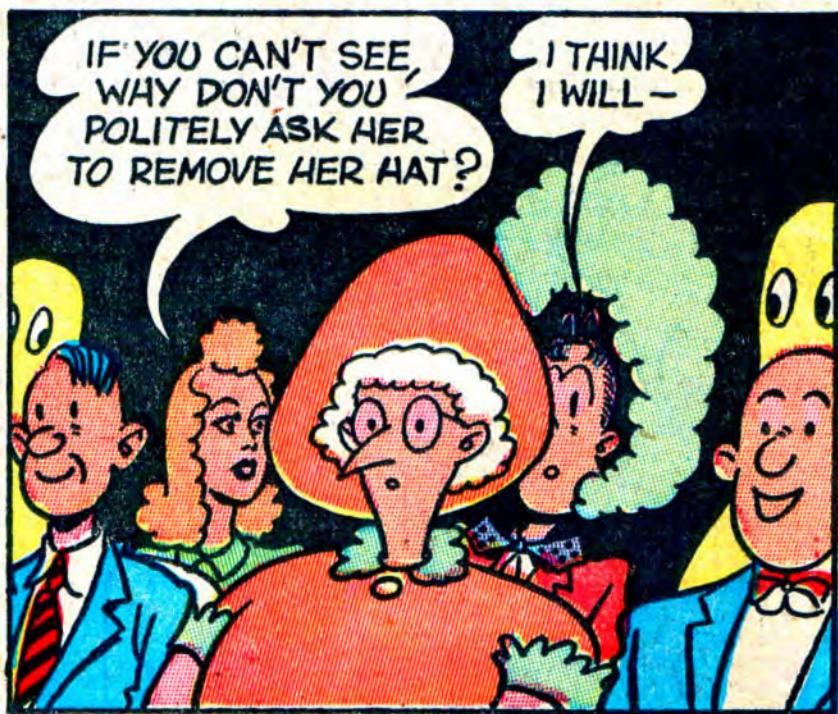
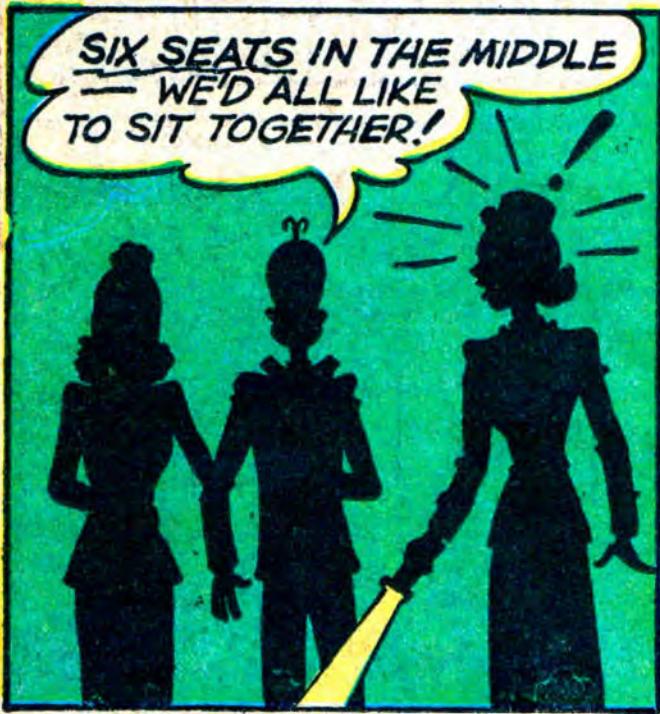
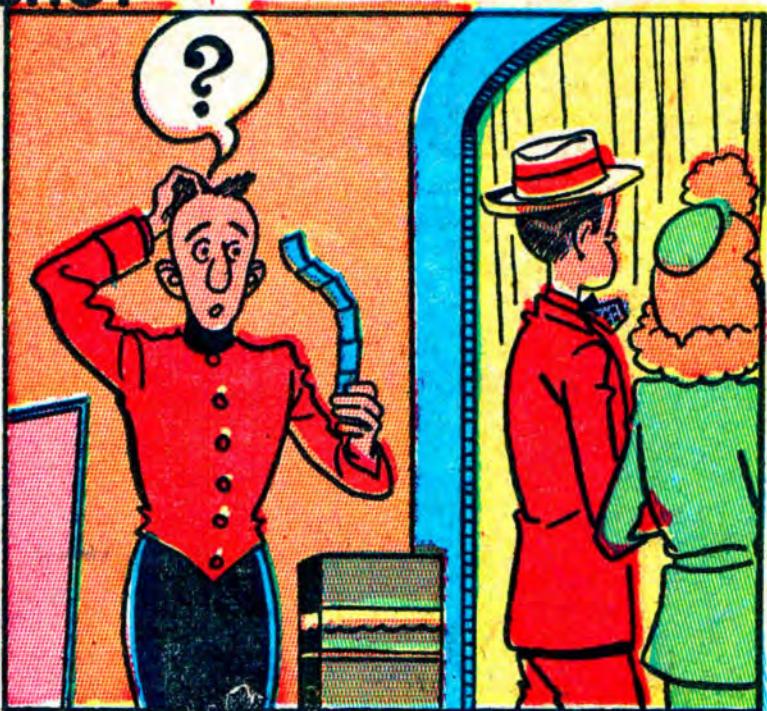
SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT PICTURE!

COULDN'T WE GO TO SOME OTHER MOVIE?

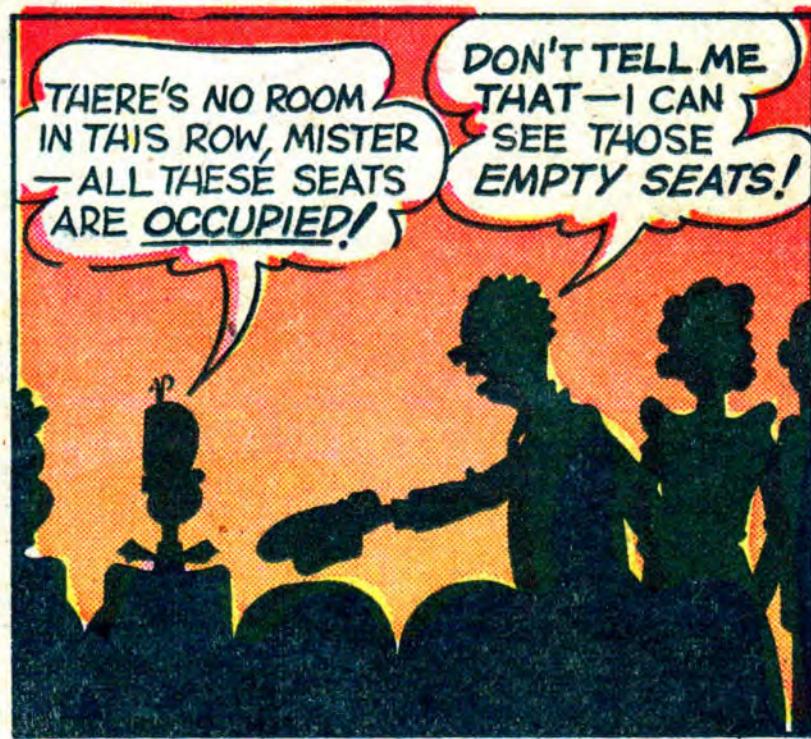
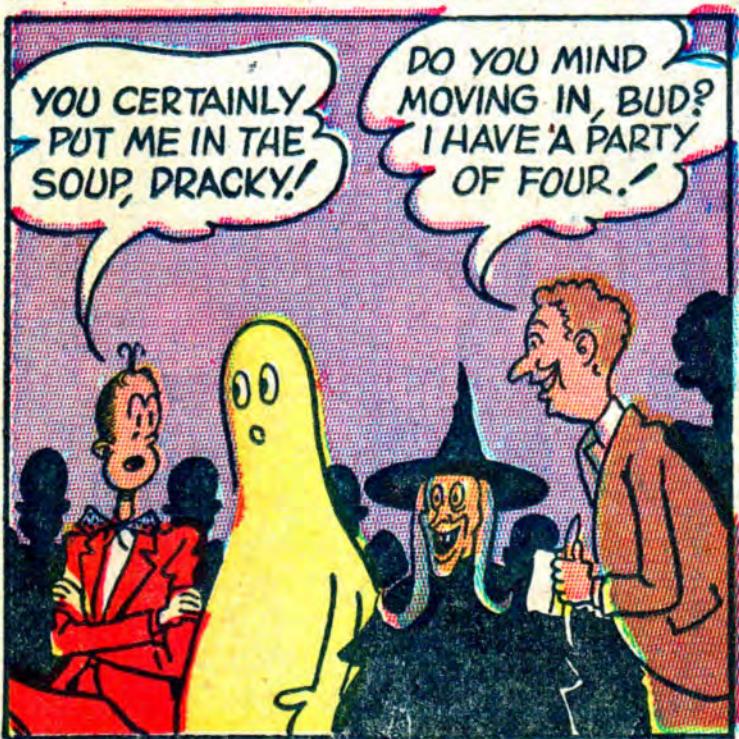
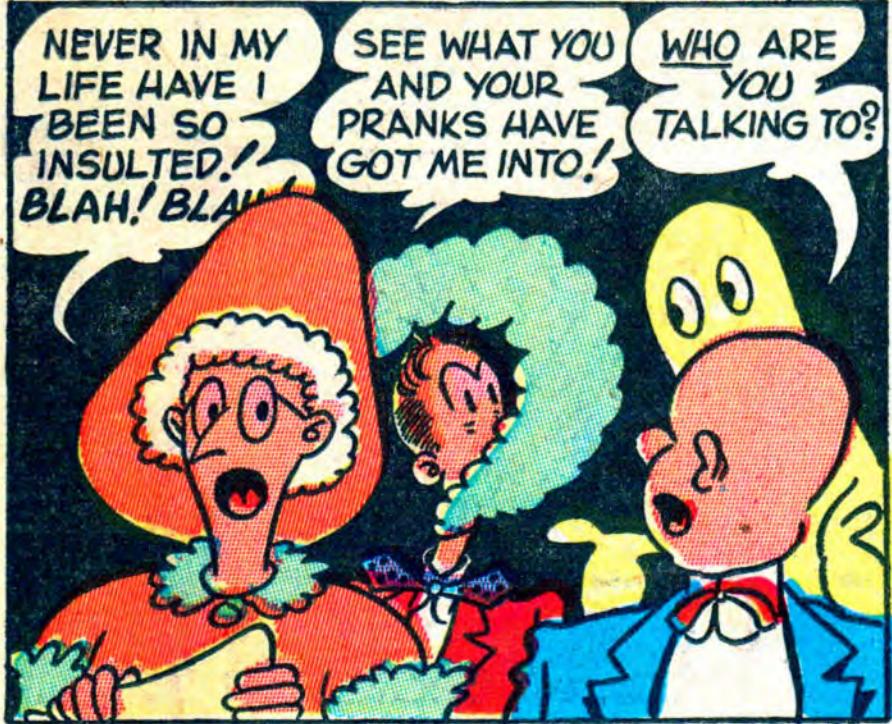
DON'T BE A FUDDY DUDDY!



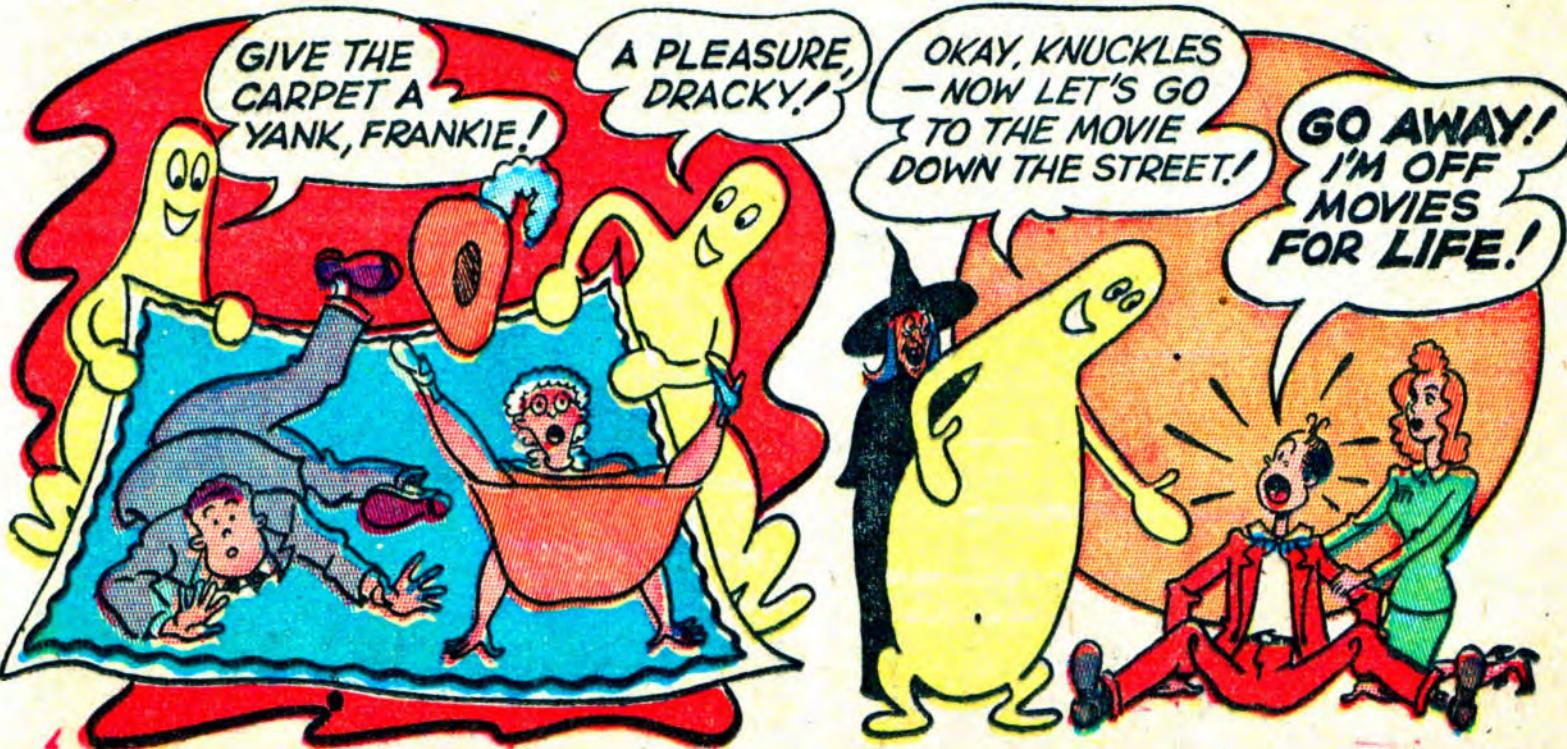
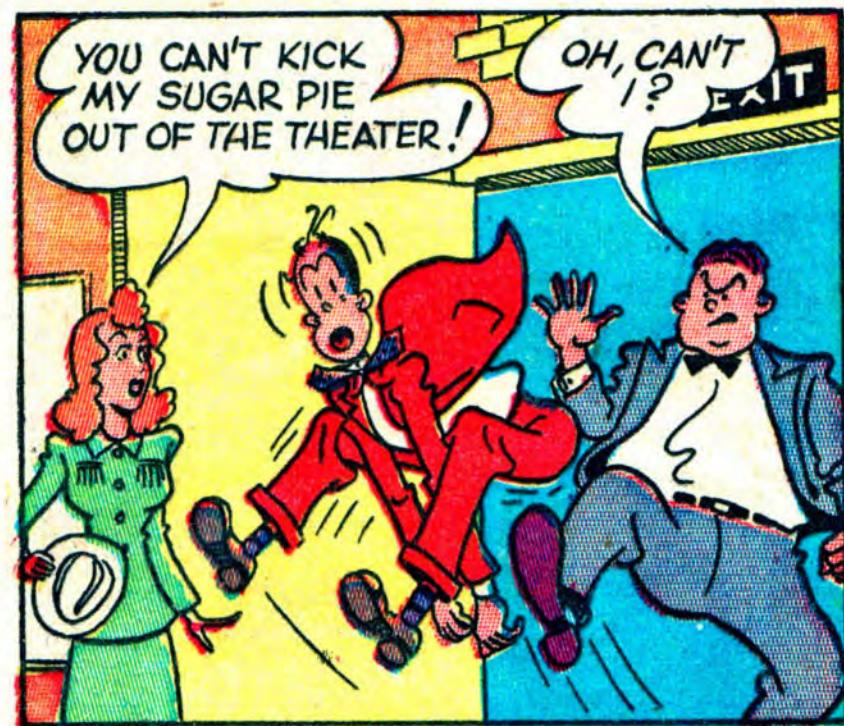
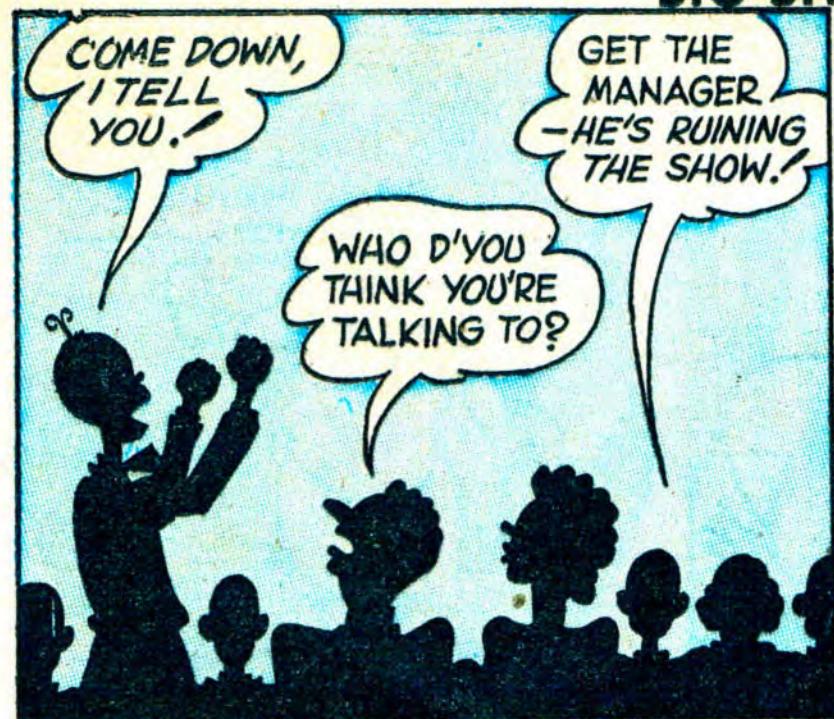
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



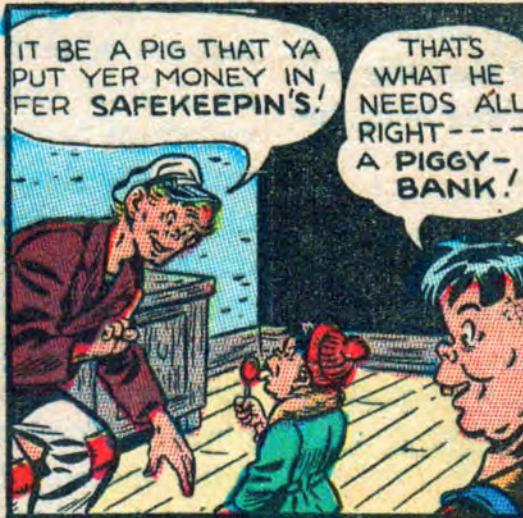
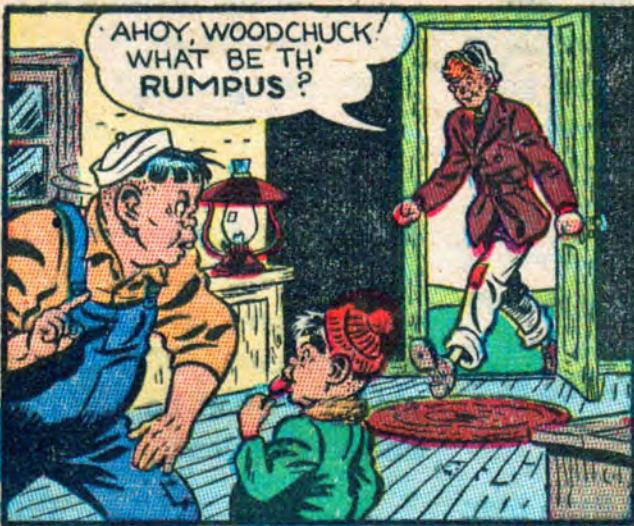
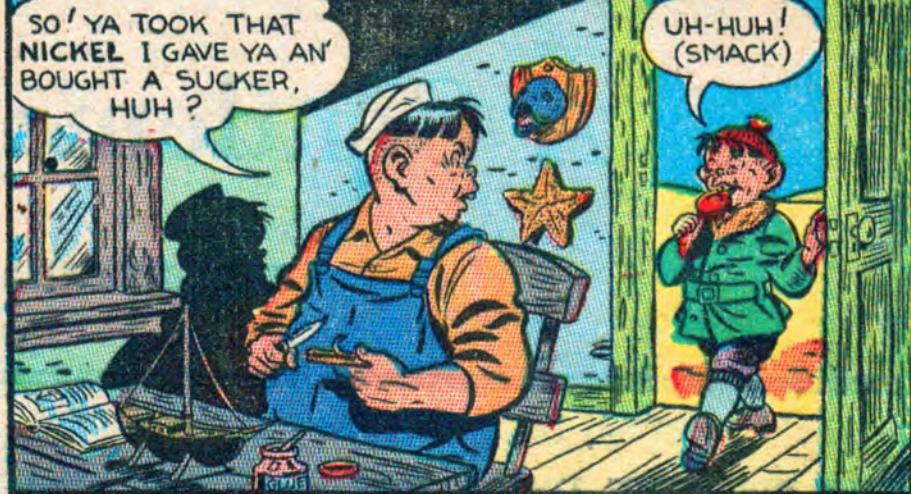
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

# CRANBERRY BOGGS

by  
Don Dean



# A Gentleman Calls

By MART BAILEY

**THE WESTERN UNION BOY** nearly collapsed out of sheer fright. Surging about him in the sudden light that flooded the hall were three looney creatures, two in night clothes and grinning idiotically, the other sartorially correct but gaspy and chalky. Each was armed with a terrible mediaeval weapon.

"Hello, buddy!" cheerfully greeted the carrot-haired scarecrow in the yellow pajamas, lowering his two-handed broadsword. "Who's the telegram for?"

The boy gulped, speechless. A thin little man in a drafty nightshirt put down his wicked-looking battle axe with an air of disappointment at not having been able to use it, and took the yellow envelope from the messenger's trembling fingers.

"It's for you, sir," he told Good Old Bumpy.

"Tip the lad," generously replied the other, taking the telegram. "Get the money from Mr. Gilholey—he's the only one dressed." Tearing open the envelope, he read the contents with twinkling eyes.

Good Old Bumpy stuffed the telegram into the pocket of his yellow pajamas and signalled the nightshirted butler to re-bolt the front door.

"After breakfast we're leaving for Plurtotles," he announced. "Jerry Swancourt's having a big week-end party and Fourth of July celebration."

Don Gilholey winced. He knew what week-end parties at Jerry Swancourt's place meant. And envisaging the added horror of a Fourth of July rivaling in explosive effects the United States Marines' victory at Iwo Jima, his bruised spirit quailed. Still, as Good Old Bumpy ad-

vised, he would be safer there from gangdom's guns—for the present, at least.

\* \* \* \* \*

**GREAT** should be the rejoicing of all true Americans on the eve of Independence Day. No real patriot, except those who have scorched their fingers on premature firecrackers, should be downcast. Yet Don Gilholey could not remember when he had ever felt more depressed and despondent.

About him, in the main parlor of Plurtotles Manor (the magnificent estate which three generations of turtle soup canners had erected for Jerry Swancourt to throw parties in) there prevailed the festive spirit of the morrow. No fireworks were yet in evidence, but a thin fusillade of applause crackled through the dusk-lighted chamber. Nearly an hour before, someone had jokingly asked Frankie Crosby to sing. Those who best know that bathroom tenor will tell you this was a *faux pas*—if they can think of the phrase. Frankie, of course, complied, and, soulfully fingering the ivories, blasted through his repertoire of love ballads. This sort of thing is contagious, especially in a group composed mostly of professional and amateur talent. As soon as Frankie was dragged away from the piano, a vacationing master of ceremonies took over. Thereafter the more discriminating guests fled. Adagio dancers, crooners, acrobats, elocutionists, all passed in endless review.

Upon the first indication that this impromptu entertainment was not going to be suppressed, Jack Beerymore hurried to his room for the checkered suit, gray derby, and purple spats he wore in *Limehouse Louey*. (Open Next Month. Matinees Wednesdays.)

## BIG SHOT

At the moment when we find Don Gilholly slumped in an isolated armchair and bewailing his existence, the dynamic actor with the classic profile had just seated himself, impatiently awaiting his turn—and towards the piano was moving beautiful Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine.

When Good Old Bumpy first suggested that the vibrant Parisienne be invited to Plurtotles, Don's joy knew no bounds. Now he wished he had never rested eyes upon the luscious French ambassadoress to Broadway's night club life. Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine (he used to call her "Fifi") had become the bane of his life, a thorn in his side, a pain in the neck, a—but you get the idea. During the past two days, whenever the buoyant mademoiselle approached, Don positively shuddered.

For, strangely enough, Fifi knew all about Benny Ratsoff's intentions. And she heartily approved! Don quivered to the roots as he remembered the enthusiasm sparkling in her dark eyes when she compared the inevitable meeting of Don and Benny Ratsoff to the tournaments which chivalrous knights fought for their ladies fair. Don's assurances that Benny Ratsoff, the gangster, intended only giving him a slight case of cold-blooded murder, possibly in a cement block at the bottom of the East River, made no impression; and his frank admissions of cowardice, where underworld gunmen were concerned, only occasioned an unbelieving smile. Don goose-pimpled when he recalled the joyous parting of crimson lips and the flash of white teeth in the late afternoon sunlight as the little French girl exclaimed delightedly: "Zees duel, eez eet not wonderful? My name will be in all thees newspapers!" And this was the woman he loved!

Watching the mademoiselle fluff her raven hair and tongue her alluring red lips while the pianist trilled through the introductory bars, Don groaned aloud. But deep as was his dejection then, it was plunged deeper when Fifi turned to him and throatily began crooning, "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

Wincing, Don shut his eyes and held his hands to his ears. So effective were these measures in shutting out the world and the underworld that Don first recognized that someone desired his attention only when someone pinched his arm. Opening his eyes, but still holding his ears, Don saw Randolph the butler towering above him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," whispered the perfect servant and mace wielder. "But there is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

Don lessened the pressure against his ears, intending to admit only the butler's words, but now even the utmost caution could not stem out the throaty blasts of Fifi, who was giving of her best.

"What do you want?" he growled.

Patiently the butler repeated that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Don Gilholly.

"Where is he?"

"In the back driveway, by the servants' quarters, sir. That is how I—"

"What's his name?" demanded the columnist in a cracked whisper.

"He did not say, sir. He just said he wished to see you, and that he hadn't a lot of time to spare waiting, either."

Don caught the butler's wrist. "What does the gentleman look like?" he gulped.

Randolph frowned down at his wrinkled cuff, but the columnist, clutching it like the Last Straw, refused to let go. Philosophically, Randolph sighed and began his word portrait: "He is a short, dark gentleman with beetling black brows, a squashed nose, and—" Randolph, like a meticulous Rembrandt, carefully added the last brush-stroke to complete the portrait: "—and a long knife scar on his right cheek."

"Benny Ratsoff!" blurted the columnist, white-faced.

For an instant he was petrified in the act of rising from the armchair, mouth and eyes agape, one hand gripping the servant's wrist, the other distended in mid-air. Then he leaped to his feet, rushed wildly across the parlor, heedless of astonished glances and exclamations, and disappeared beyond a portiered archway, pursued by a scorching glare from Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine, whom his flight had interrupted in the closing bars of "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

A few seconds later he was frantically barricading the door of his bedroom. Upon the night table, dresser, and floor lamp, second thought prompted him to fling the feather pillows. And then, trembling in every muscle, he crawled under the bed.

BIG SHOT

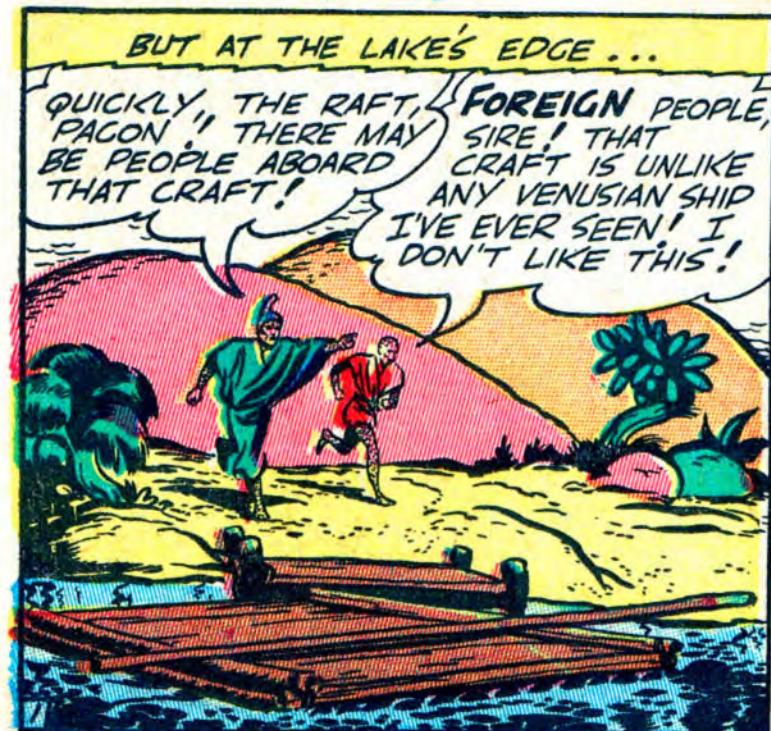
The

# SKYMAN

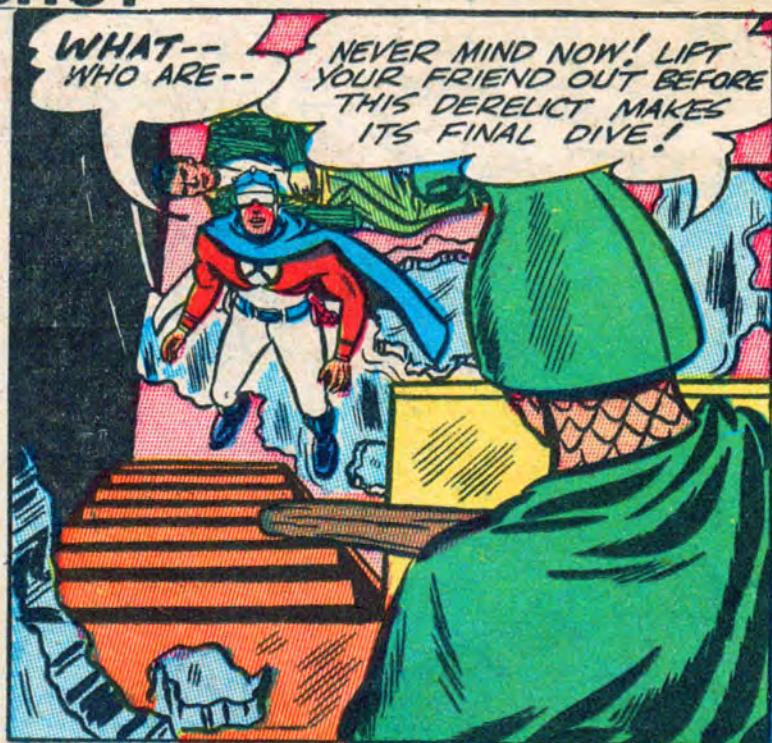
By Orlen Whitney



SKYMAN AND ALEC, PURSUING THE VENUSIAN PLANET PIRATES WHO HAVE ABDUCTED, AMONG OTHER EARTH PEOPLE, FAWN AND GLORIA, RAM INTO A SCREAMING SPACE TYPHOON . . . WITH BOTH MAN AND MACHINE HELPLESS AGAINST THE FURY, THE ILL-FATED DEUTSCHLAND, OUT OF CONTROL, SETTLES INTO A VENUSIAN LAKE . . . NOW, SAVE FOR THE SLAPPING OF THE WAVES, ALL IS SILENT . . . .



# BIG SHOT



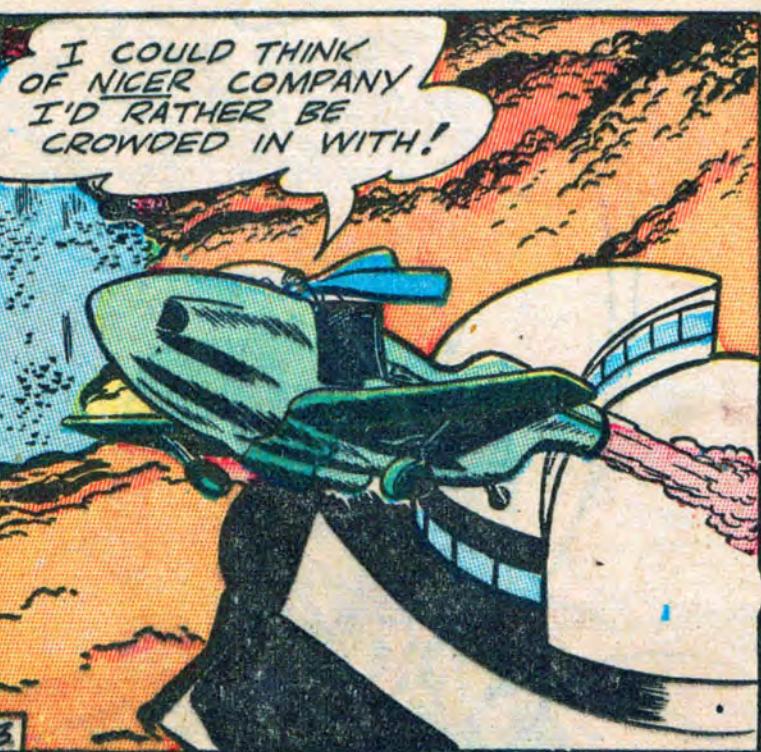
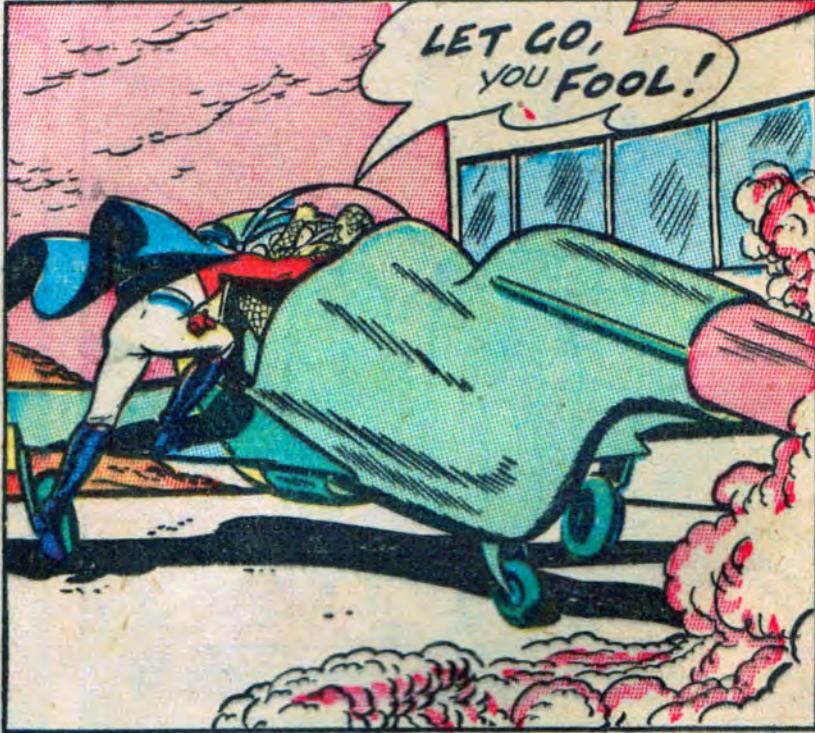
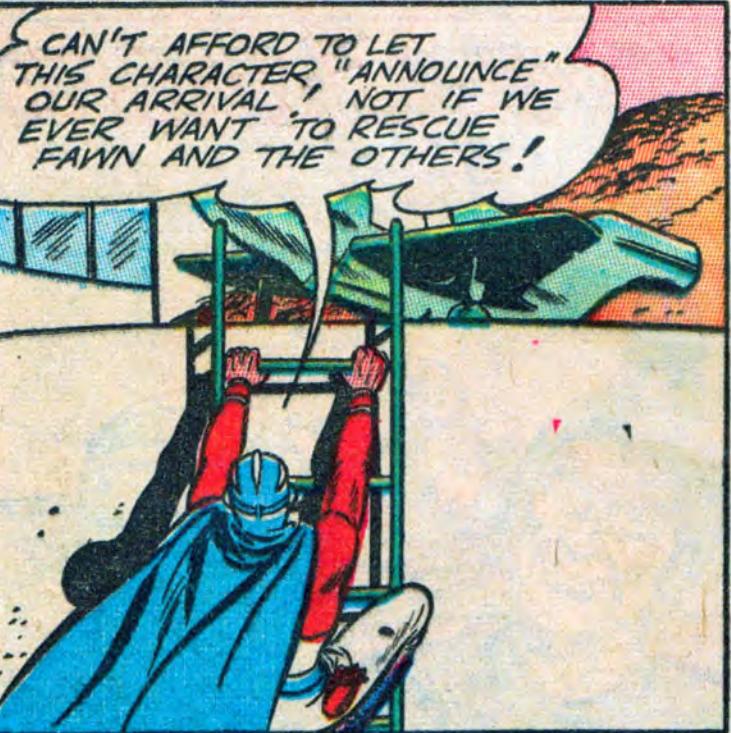
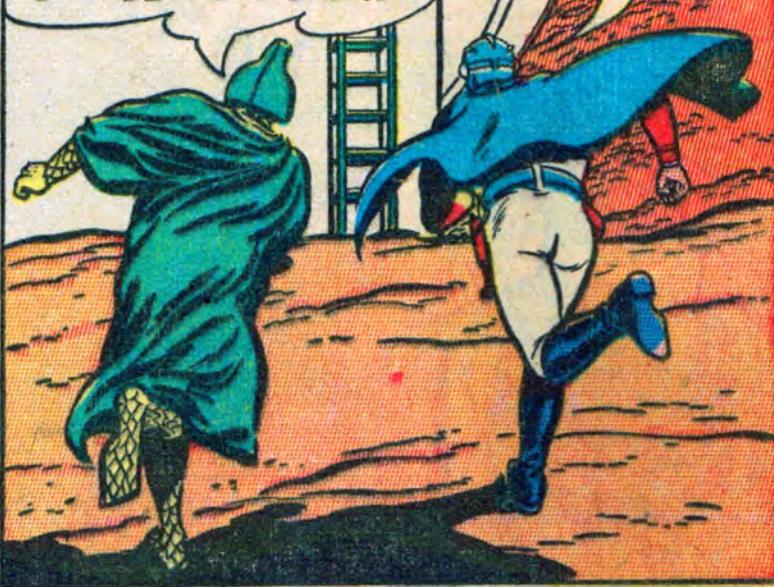
# BIG SHOT

ARE ALL HOUSES  
ON VENUS ENTERED  
THROUGH THE ROOF,  
DIMITRON?

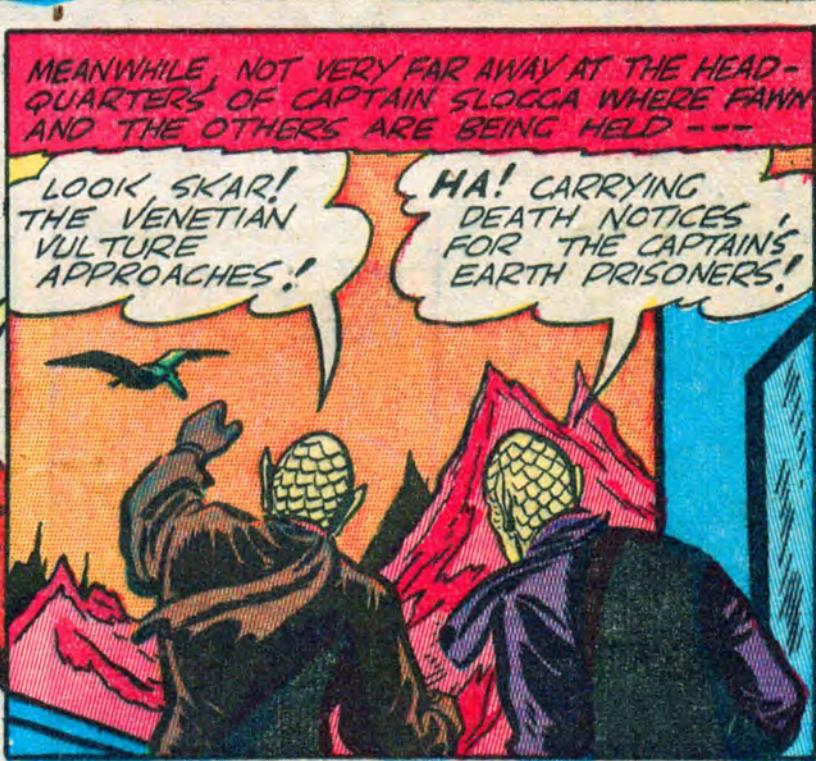
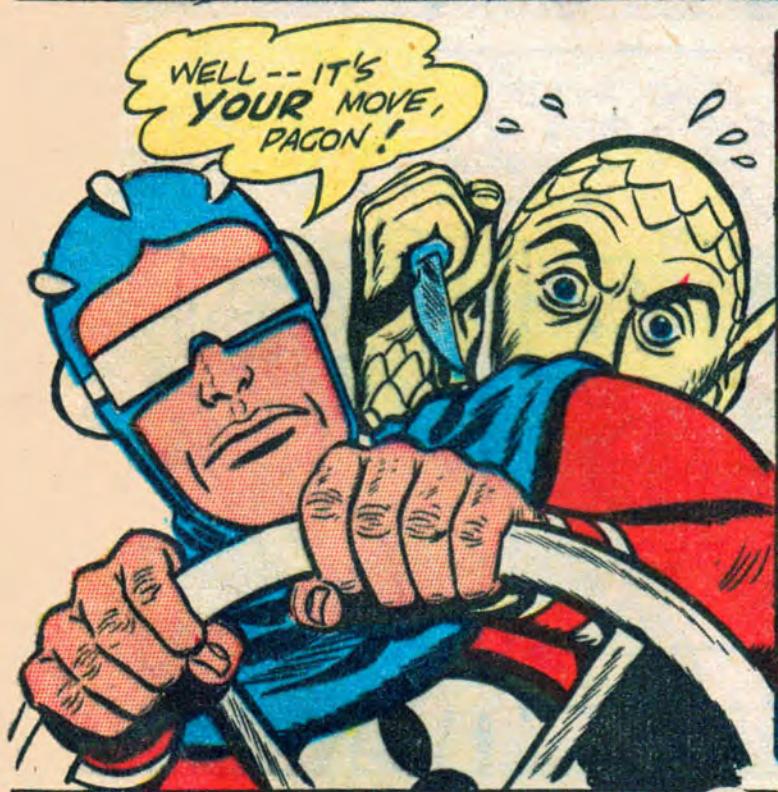
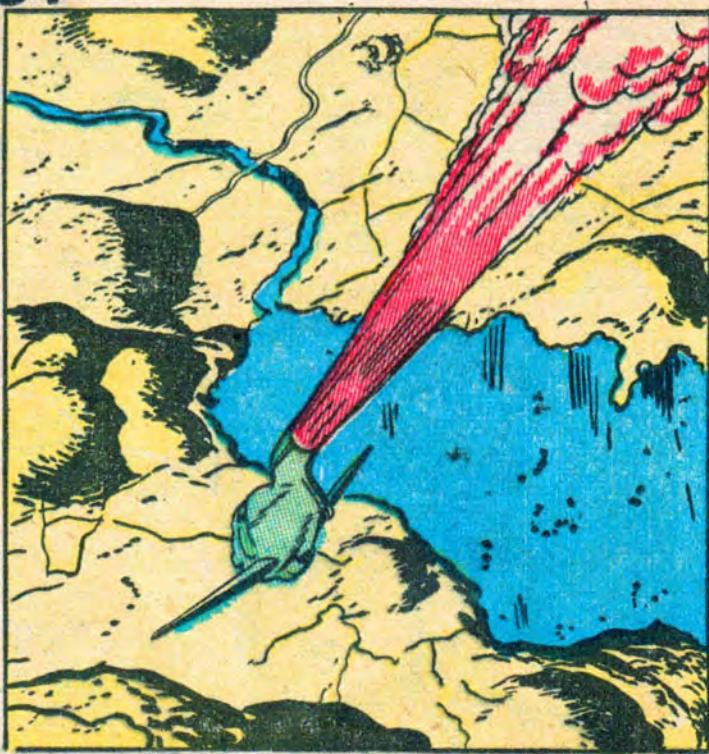
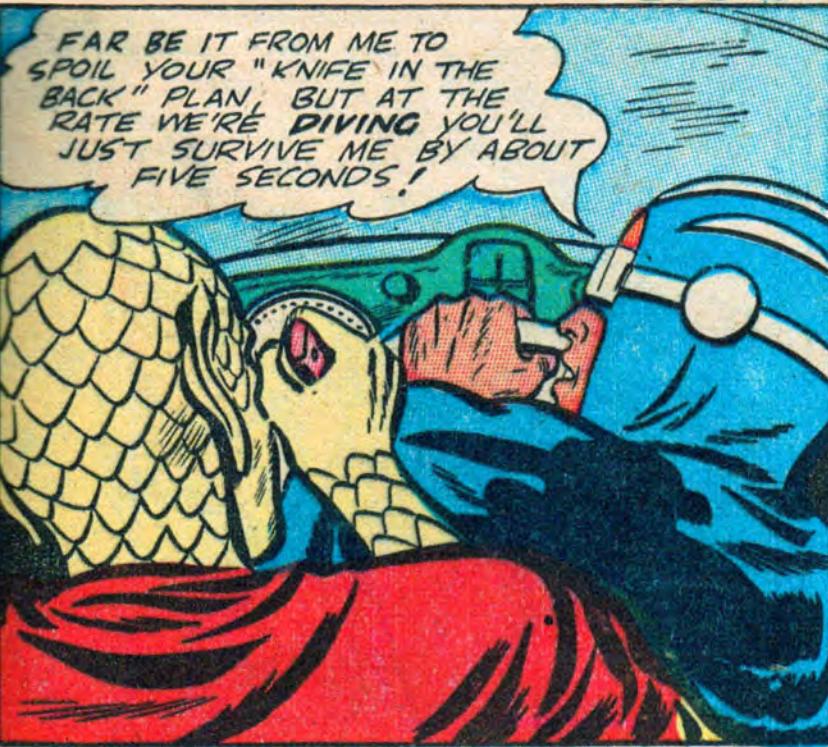
SOMETHING IS  
WRONG! PAGON  
IS CLIMBING UP  
TO MY JET-SEDAN!  
PAGON! STOP!

HE MEANS TO GO  
AND BETRAY YOU!  
THERE IS A HIGH  
PRICE ON THE HEADS  
OF ALL FOREIGNERS!

YOU'LL FIND HIS  
KIND ON THE  
BEST OF PLANETS!



# BIG SHOT

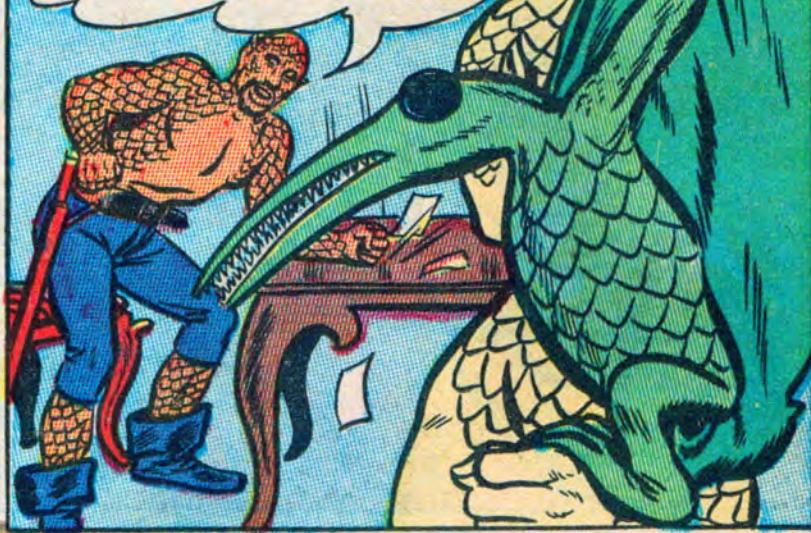


# BIG SHOT

AHA! OUR UNKNOWN **SUPERIOR** HAS SENT US A REAL TIP THIS TIME! THE NEXT **HUMAN SACRIFICE** TO SINGE ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN IS NONE OTHER THAN **DIMITRON**, SECOND KEEPER OF THE JEWELS!

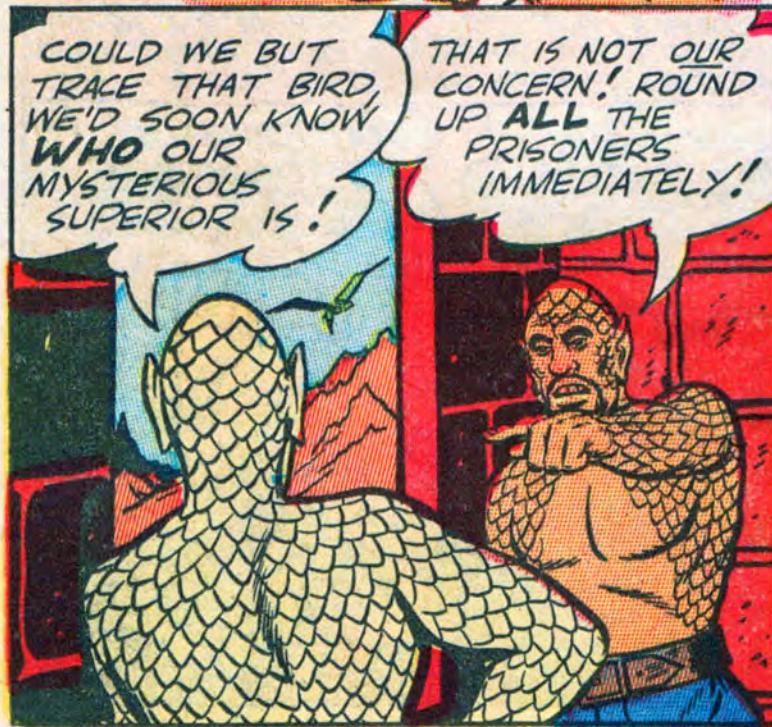


THAT OLD FOOL WILL PAY PLENTY TO HAVE A FOREIGNER FROM ANOTHER PLANET DISPATCHED TO THE SUN IN HIS PLACE! RELEASE THE BIRD, SHAVON!



COULD WE BUT TRACE THAT BIRD, WE'D SOON KNOW WHO OUR MYSTERIOUS SUPERIOR IS!

THAT IS NOT OUR CONCERN! ROUND UP ALL THE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY!



BRING THOSE FOUR EARTH ONES INTO THE CELL WHERE THE OTHERS ARE!

AH, THE CAPTAIN HAS SOME SELECTING TO DO, EH?



ALL RIGHT WHITE WORMS, WALK AHEAD OF ME! YOU'RE MOVING!

ANYWAY, IT CAN'T BE WORSE AFTER TWO WEEKS IN THAT RAT-TRAP!

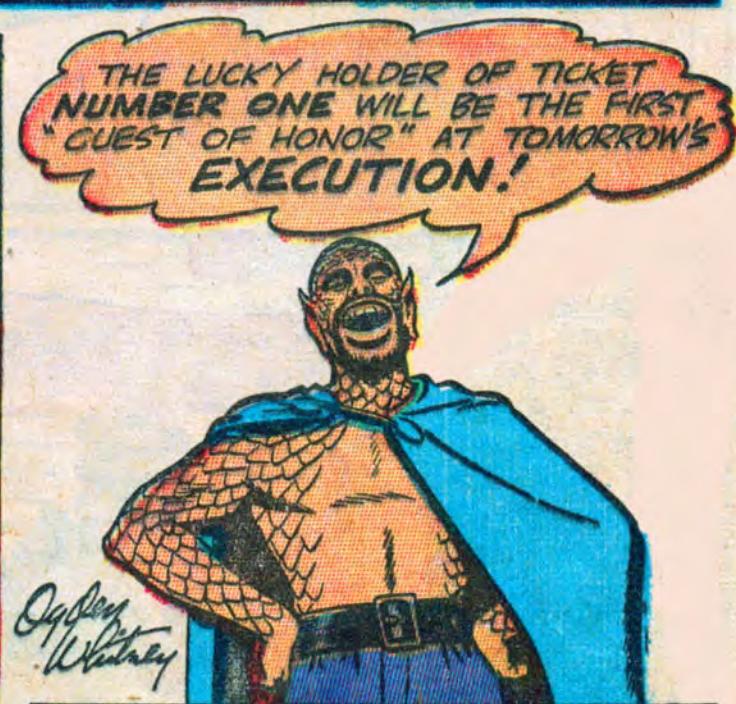


SHOVE THEM IN HERE, XON!

AT LEAST WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET THE MAN WITH THE MISSING BRIAR PIPE!



# BIG SHOT



Ogden Whitney

NEXT ISSUE . . . NIGHT FLIGHT

BIG SHOT

# BOO

BY  
FRANK  
BECK

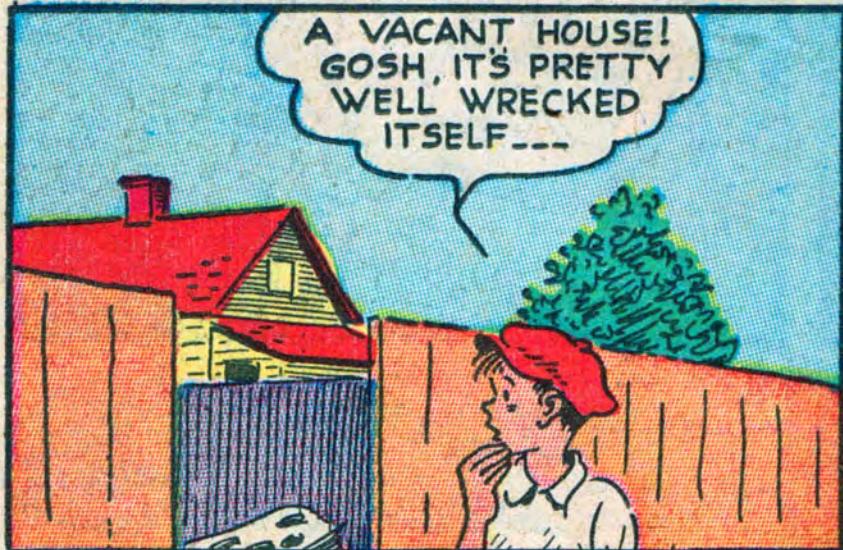
WOA! WAIT HERE, BO,  
TILL I SEE IF THIS  
HOUSE HAS ANY  
JUNK TO SPARE.



I WISH JUNIOR  
WOULD FIND SOME  
OTHER WAY TO  
MAKE MONEY



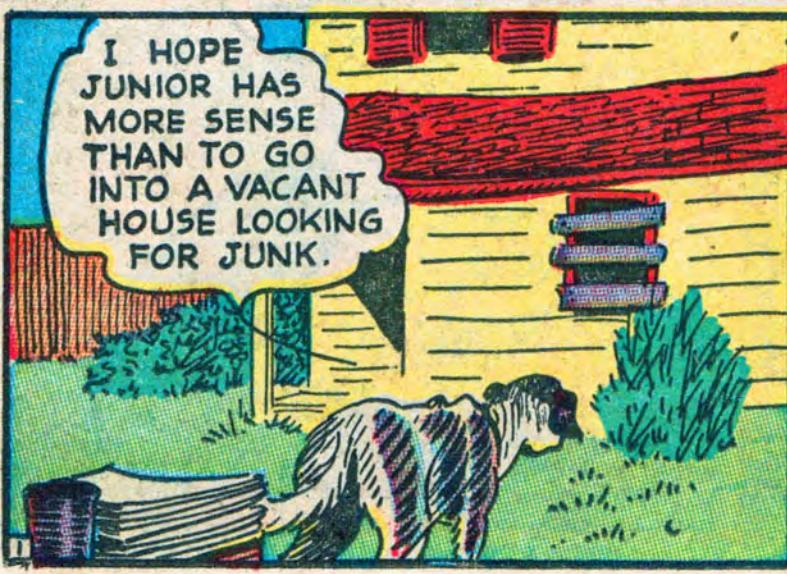
A VACANT HOUSE!  
GOSH, IT'S PRETTY  
WELL WRECKED  
ITSELF---



IT'S SPOOKY  
INSIDE ... BUT  
WHAT'S THE HARM  
IN LOOKING  
AROUND?



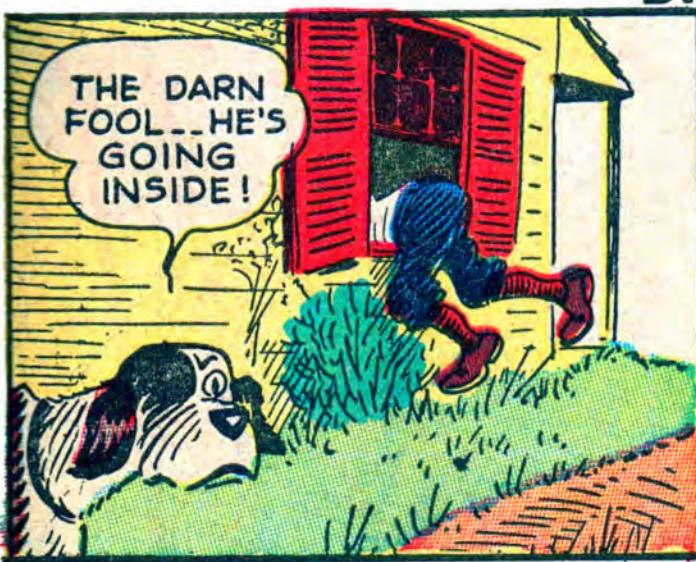
I HOPE  
JUNIOR HAS  
MORE SENSE  
THAN TO GO  
INTO A VACANT  
HOUSE LOOKING  
FOR JUNK.



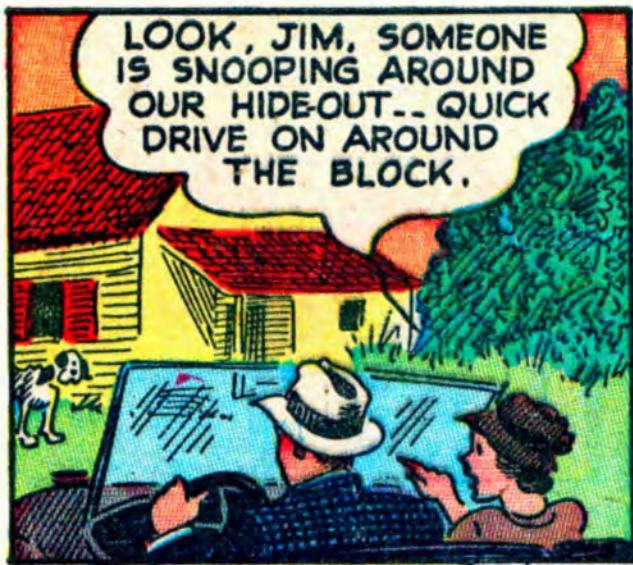
WOW... IT'S DARK  
IN THERE. I'LL BET  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF OLD STUFF  
LAYING AROUND.



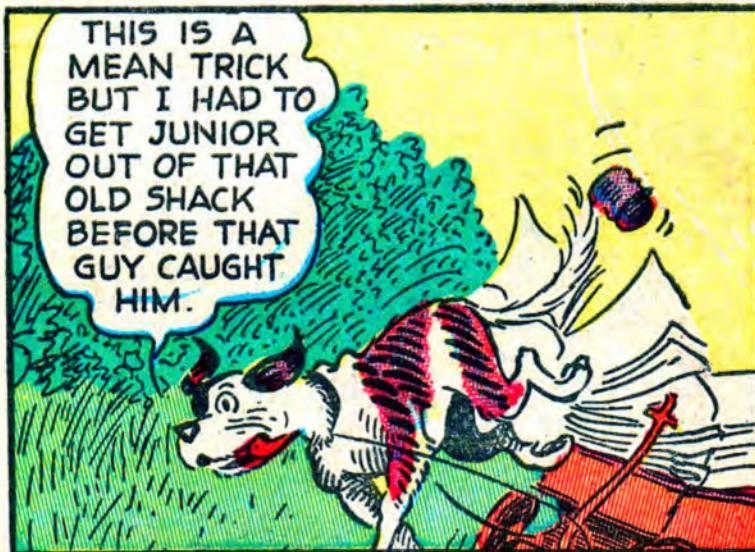
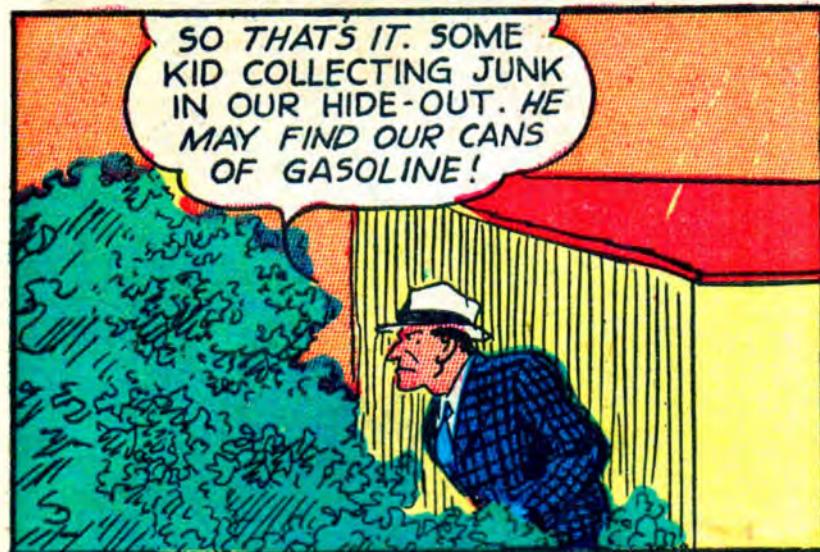
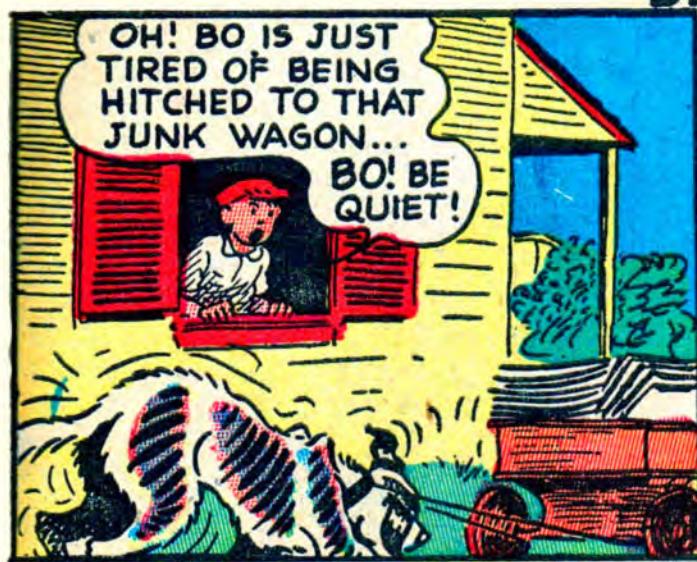
# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

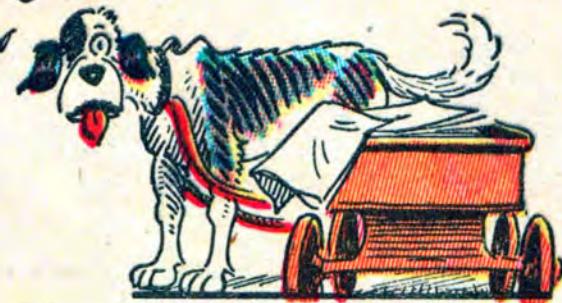


# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

I'VE RUN FAR ENOUGH TO GET JUNIOR AWAY FROM THAT EMPTY HOUSE. I'D BETTER WAIT TILL HE CATCHES UP WITH ME.



DOGGONE BO, RUNNING OFF AND SPILLING MY LOAD OF JUNK....

BO!



WOW! IS HE MAD! GUESS I'LL BEAT IT HOME AND LET HIM LUG THE JUNK HIMSELF...

Bo  
COME HERE

LISTEN TO THAT BOY ABUSE HIS PET. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT...!

SOME LADY JUST PHONED THAT A KID IS ABUSING A DOG HITCHED TO A CART. HAVE A RADIO CAR CHECK ON IT.

OKAY.

I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT RUNNING OFF FROM JUNIOR, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM OUT OF THAT OLD HOUSE.

JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THAT MUTT... MAKING ME LUG THIS JUNK HOME... COME BACK HERE, BO! HEY.. COME HERE!

BOY BEATING UP DOG ON MAIN STREET... CAR TWENTY INVESTIGATE. THAT IS ALL...

HO HUM! THAT'S US, OFF TO THE WAR ON CRIME.

P.D.  
20

# BIG SHOT

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T MAKE POOR JUNIOR LUG ALL THAT JUNK HOME.. GUESS I'LL WAIT FOR HIM.. EVEN IF I DO GET A BAWLING OUT.

KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR THAT KID BEATING HIS DOG. THE CHIEF SAID IT WAS ON MAIN STREET..

RUN OFF AND SPILL ALL MY JUNK.. JUST WAIT TILL I GET YOU HOME. I OUGHT TO SPANK YOU RIGHT HERE.. YOU.. YOU..

LISTEN TO HIM.. THAT'S THE KID..

WHO, ME?

HEY! COME HERE, KID.

SOME LADY PHONED THE STATION THAT YOU WERE ABUSING YOUR DOG.

OH NO, SIR, I WOULDN'T HURT BO

HE RAN AWAY WHILE I WAS GETTING JUNK OUT OF AN OLD EMPTY HOUSE.. BUT I ONLY BAWLED HIM OUT.

ARE YOU SURE IT WAS AN EMPTY HOUSE?

YES, SIR, ALTHOUGH I DID NOTICE SOME CANS OF GASOLINE IN ONE ROOM.. BUT I DIDN'T TOUCH THEM

GASOLINE? UNHITCH YOUR DOG AND HOP IN HERE.

MAYBE WE HAVE RUN INTO A REAL CASE!

SHOW US THE WAY TO THAT HOUSE, KID.

MORE ABOUT THE EMPTY HOUSE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

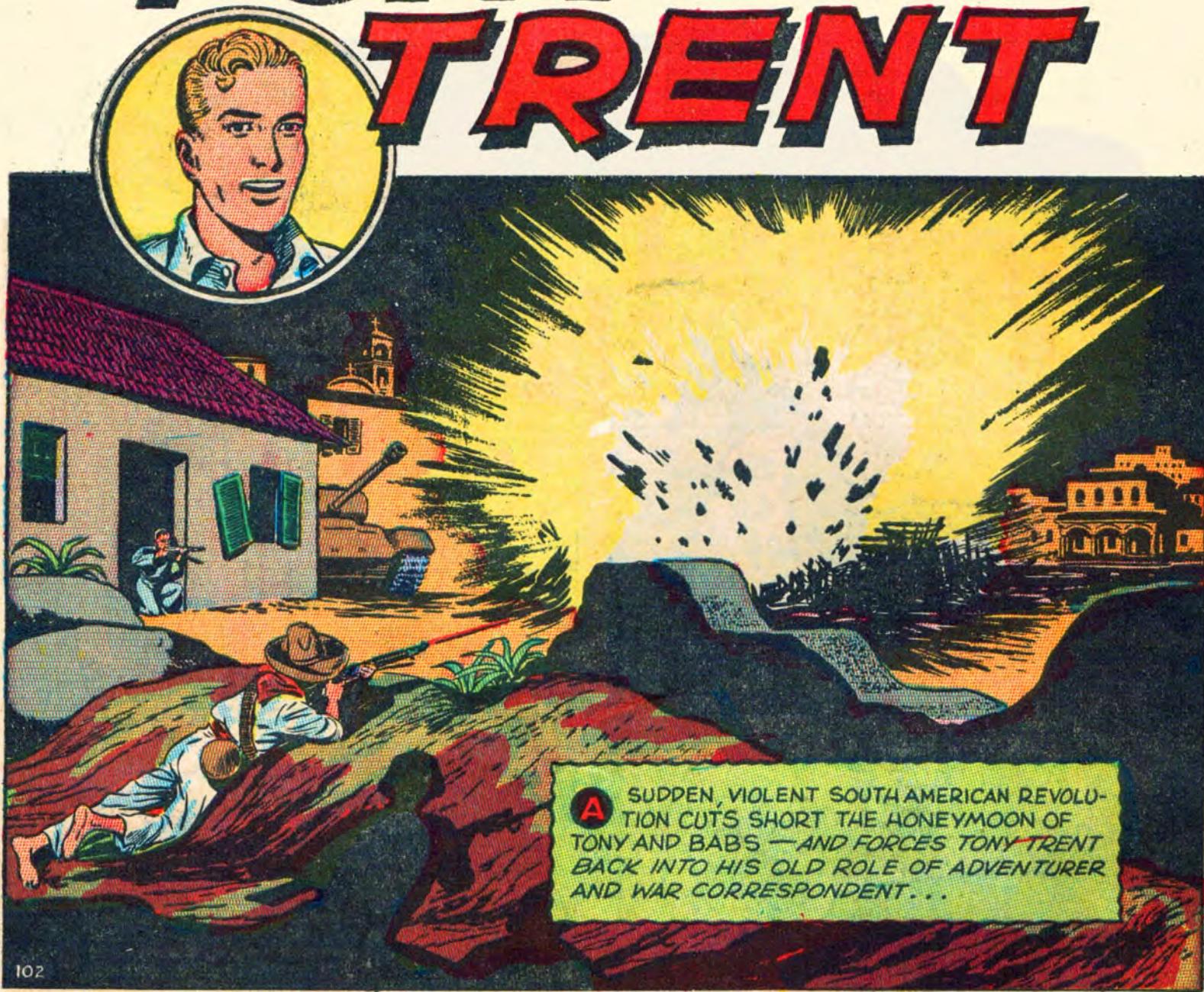
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PD

BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



**A** SUDDEN, VIOLENT SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION CUTS SHORT THE HONEYMOON OF TONY AND BABS — AND FORCES TONY TRENT BACK INTO HIS OLD ROLE OF ADVENTURER AND WAR CORRESPONDENT...

102

GENERAL DIAZADO  
SEEMS VERY  
EXCITED, TONY!

YES...COLONEL MANOTEZ,  
UPON WHOM HE WAS  
DEPENDING, HAS SOLD  
OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE TREACHERY OF THAT TRAITOR  
IMPERILS OUR WHOLE CAMPAIGN —  
WE'LL HAVE TO ACT SWIFTLY  
BEFORE WE ARE ANNIHILATED!



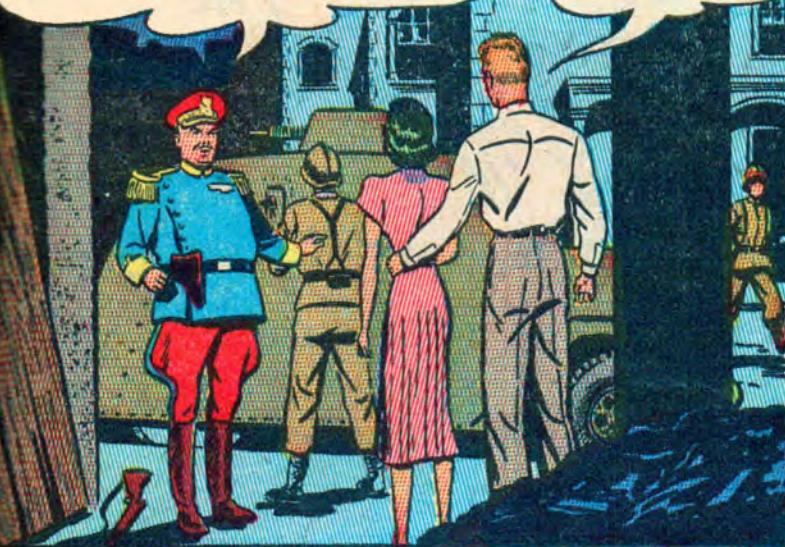
# BIG SHOT

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IS  
INSIDE THE ZONE STILL CONTROLLED  
BY MY FORCES, TONY. PERHAPS  
YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOUR  
WIFE THERE FOR SAFETY?

THAT IS  
JUST WHAT  
I WAS GOING  
TO SUGGEST—

BUT REALLY, TONY,  
MY PLACE IS WITH  
YOU ...

BE SENSIBLE,  
BABS ...

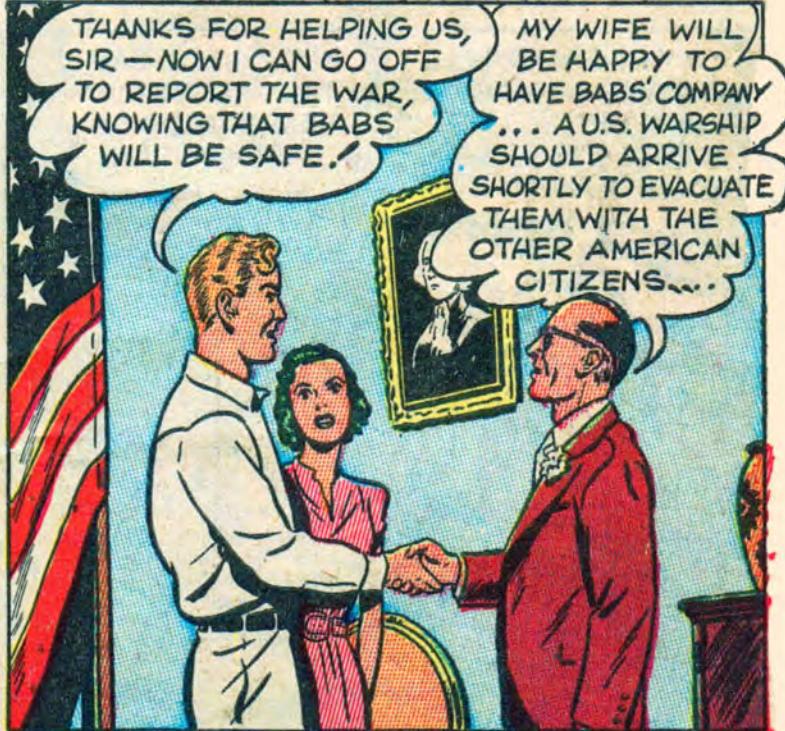


YOU CAN'T COME ANY  
CLOSER IN THAT ARMORED  
CAR — THE EMBASSY IS  
OBSERVING THE STRICTEST  
NEUTRALITY...

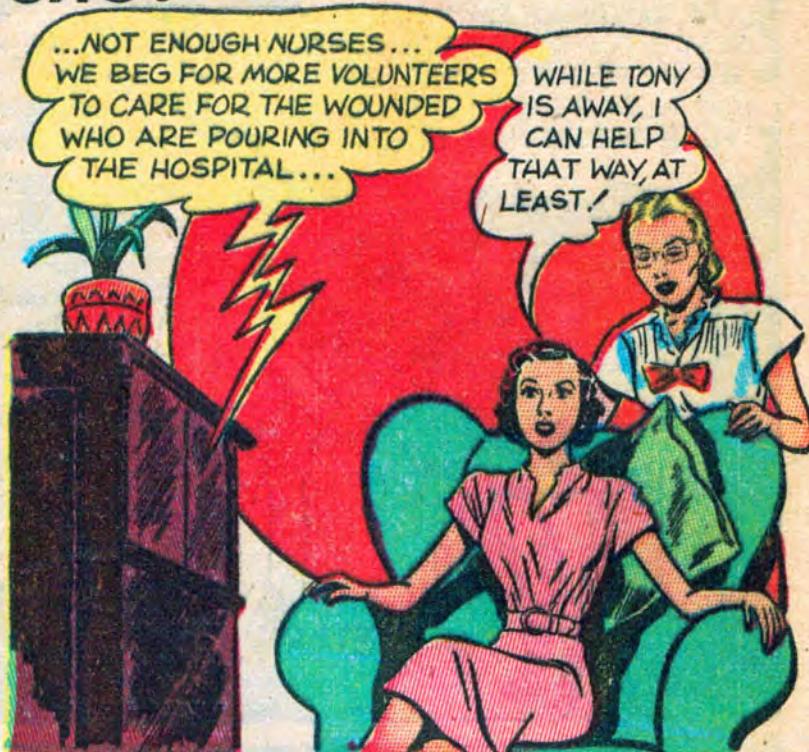
IT'S ALL RIGHT,  
SOLDIER —  
WE'RE GETTING  
OUT HERE!

THANKS FOR HELPING US,  
SIR — NOW I CAN GO OFF  
TO REPORT THE WAR,  
KNOWING THAT BABS'  
WILL BE SAFE!

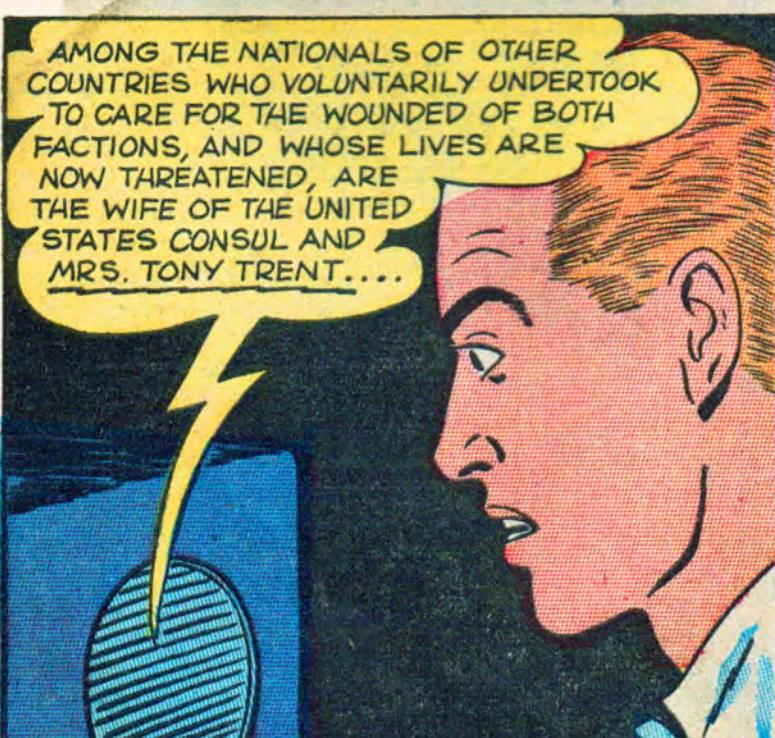
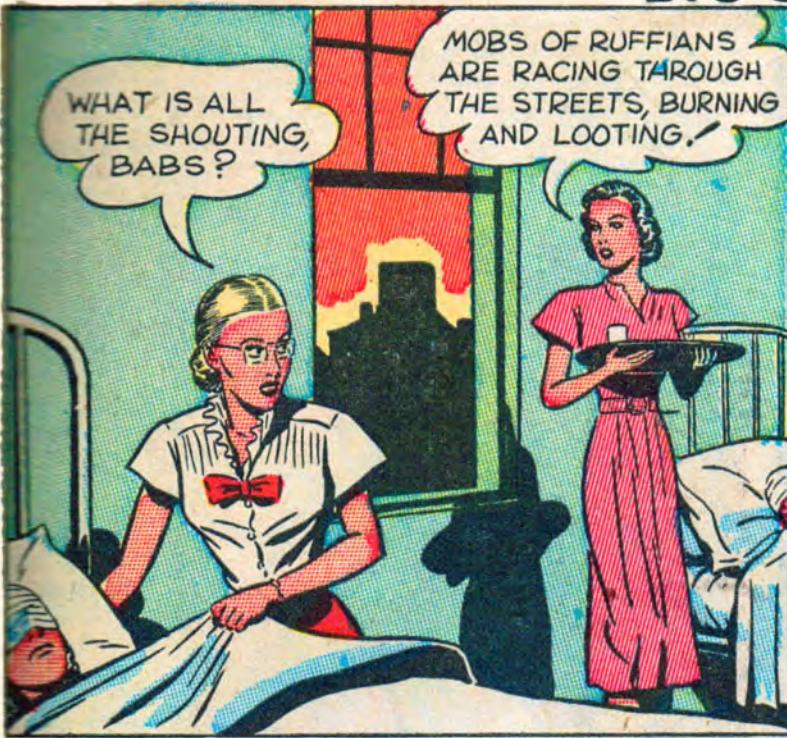
MY WIFE WILL  
BE HAPPY TO  
HAVE BABS' COMPANY  
... A U.S. WARSHIP  
SHOULD ARRIVE  
SHORTLY TO EVACUATE  
THEM WITH THE  
OTHER AMERICAN  
CITIZENS...



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT

IF YOU WON'T LISTEN  
TO ME, AT LEAST LET  
ONE OF MY BEST  
MEN GO WITH YOU!

SANCHO!

THIS IS SANCHO, THE ONE-MAN  
ARMY — YOU'LL FIND HIM  
VERY HELPFUL, TONY

SI,  
SEÑOR!

SEÑOR TONEE!  
WAIT FOR ME!

BE CAUTIOUS!

SANCHO, I'M GLAD  
YOU TAGGED ALONG  
— YOU'RE GOING  
TO BE A BIG HELP!

SI, SEÑOR!

SNIPER!



# BIG SHOT

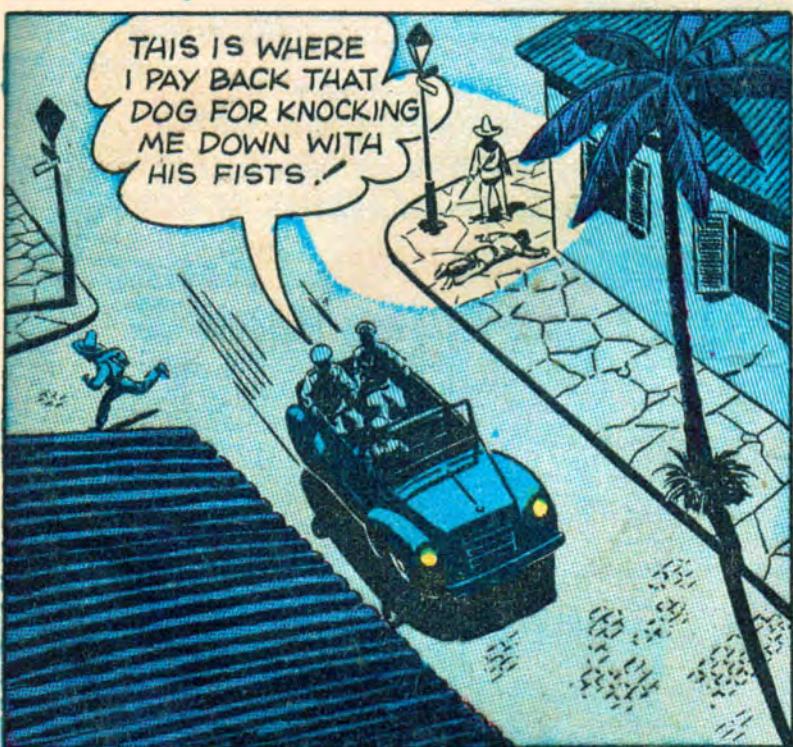
SO TONY TRENT AND SANCHO, THE ONE-MAN ARMY, RIDE INTO THE CITY AMID INDESCRIBABLE SCENES OF ORGANIZED MOB BRUTALITY...



...AND PAST THE COMMAND CAR OF COLONEL MANOTEZ, WHO CONTENTEDLY OBSERVES THE WORK OF THE VICIOUS FORCES HE HAS UNLEASHED...

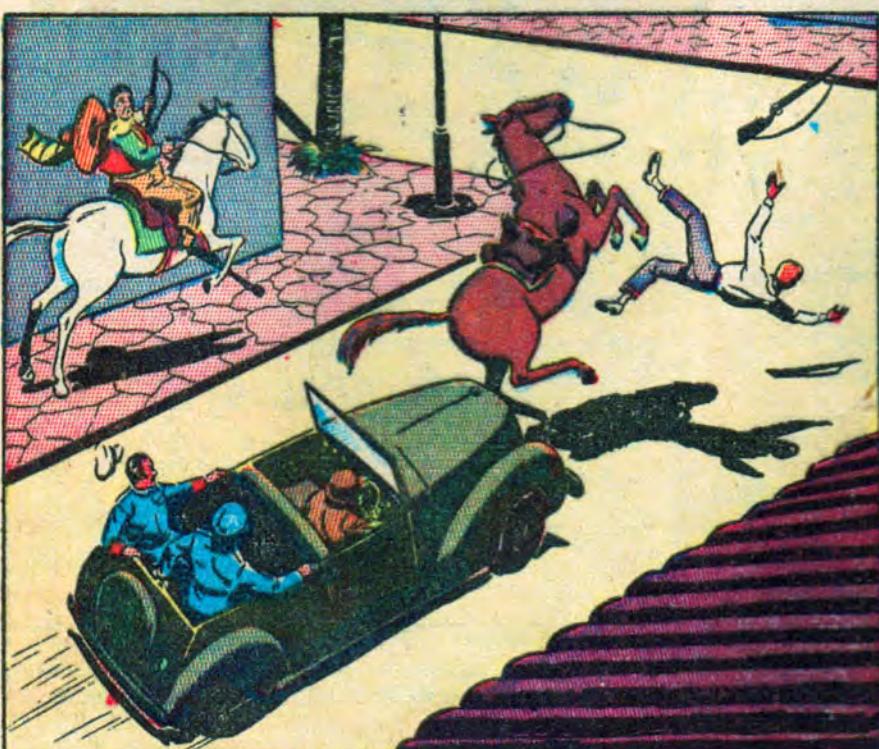
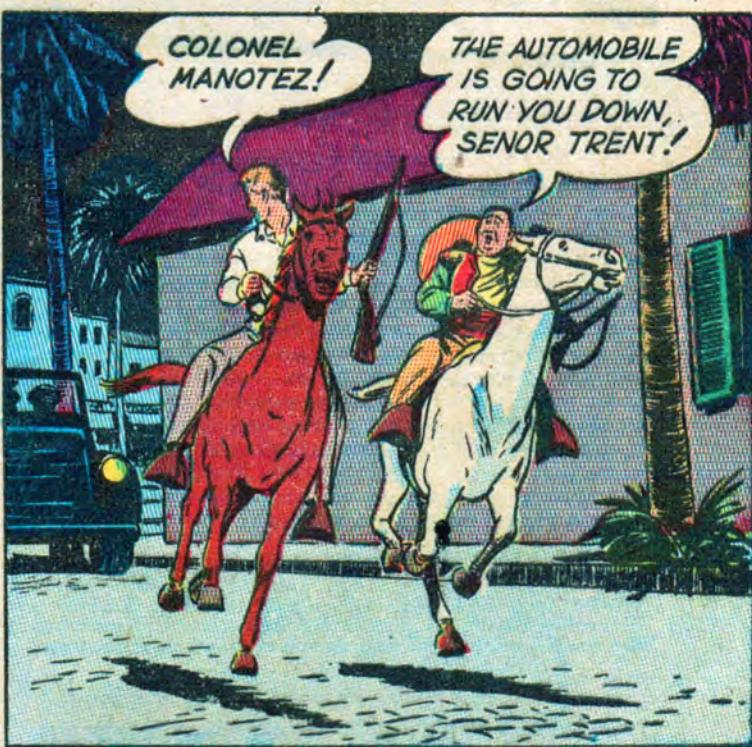


THIS IS WHERE I PAY BACK THAT DOG FOR KNOCKING ME DOWN WITH HIS FISTS!



COLONEL MANOTEZ!

THE AUTOMOBILE IS GOING TO RUN YOU DOWN, SENOR TRENT!



NOW, SENOR TRENT, WE'LL SETTLE OUR SCORE!



NEXT ..... THE SCORE IS SETTLED

**NOW!**  
**ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME!**  
**FOR ONLY**

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Inside and out... in double quick time  
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whom experts call the  
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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FERRIS  
Champion  
Strength  
Athlete of  
South Africa.  
Says he: "I  
owe every-  
thing to  
Jowett meth-  
ods!" Look  
at this chest  
—then consider  
the value of  
the Jowett  
Courses!

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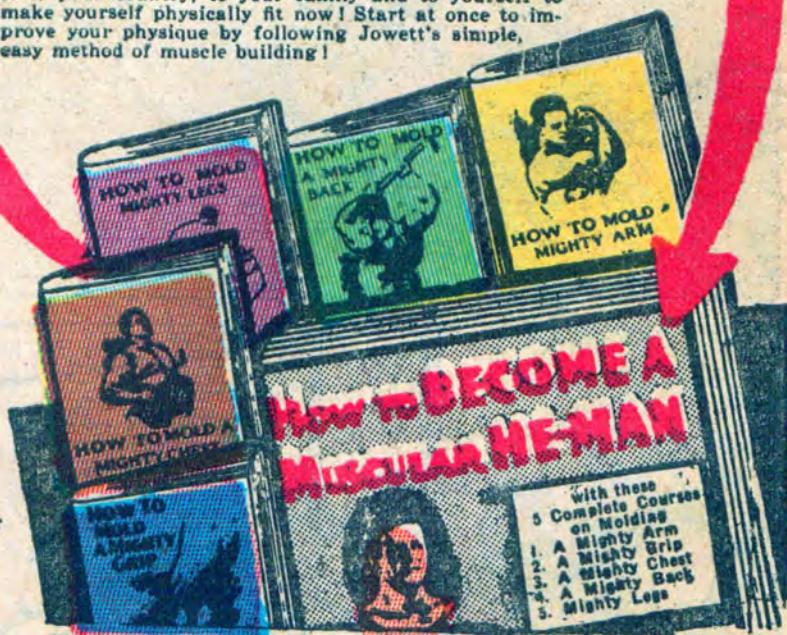
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YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**

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All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY  
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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date either!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good-bye!"

Or can you blame the girl who complains, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about this you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, bad company. There are lots of other attractive fellows and girls who could anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls

### Become Careless

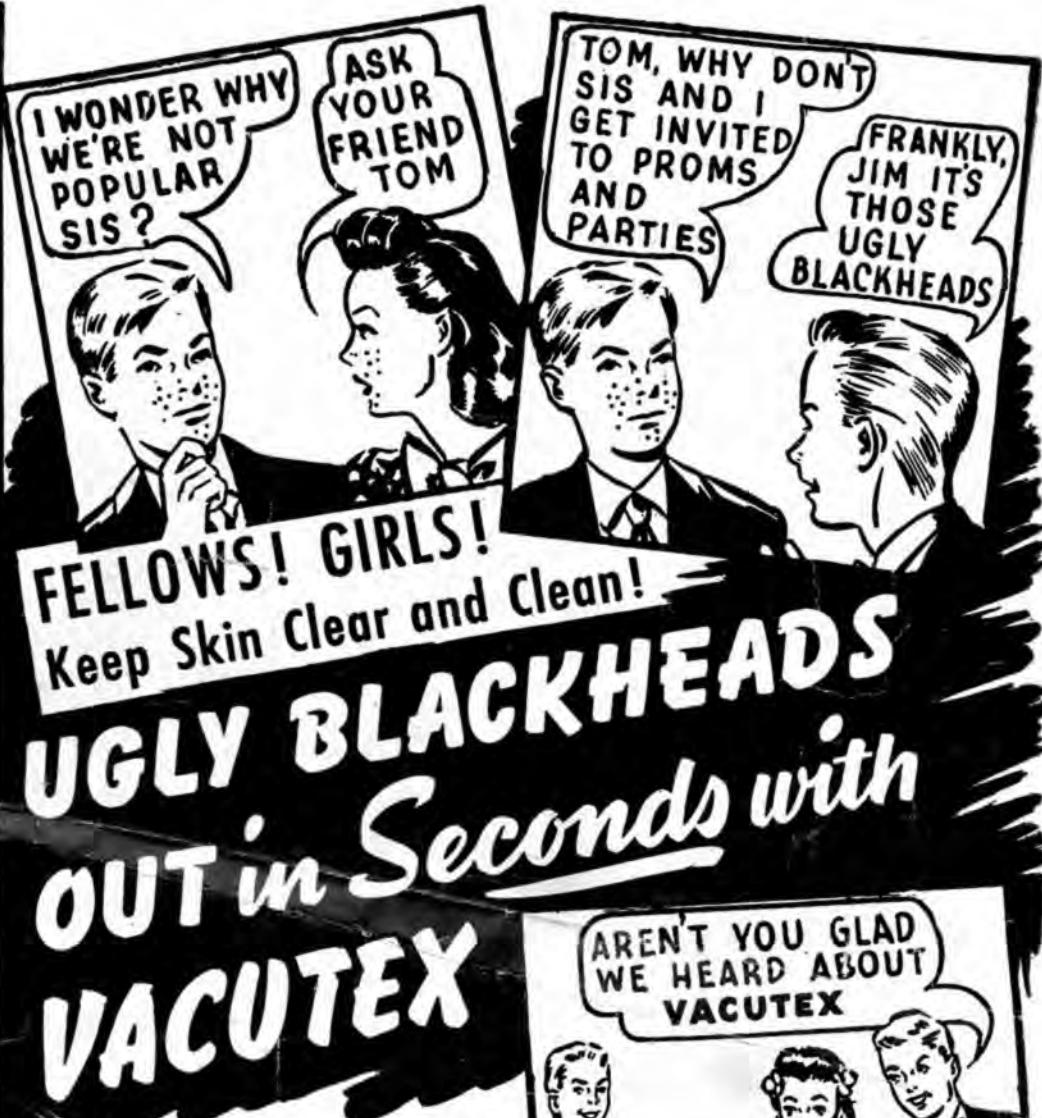
It's too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



### NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, colorful and smartly tailored as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Seamed sides stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

Ladies! Men! Here's the jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style, comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only \$7.95.

Save 95¢! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest jacket bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$3.95 Camel Tan Stop Red

Check color wanted

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only \$7.95

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Check color wanted

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 12 14 15 16 18 20 MAN'S 30 32 34 36 40 42 44  
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$ C. O. D.